

JULY 1972

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE



50¢

# Macleans

The Mackenzie Corridor: Bonanza or disaster?  
An end to expatriatism by Graham Coughtry



Confessions of Corporal Jack Ramsay:  
Shattering a great Canadian legend

# There's a taste to match the good times.

Peter Jackson



The police on this month's cover is a graduation portrait (illustration in 1953, in Regina, when Jack Ramsey (the author of *My Case Against The RCMP*, which starts on page 79) was completing his training as a recruit on the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

When Jack Ramsey was growing up on a farm near Biggar, Saskatchewan he read a book about the Mounties. He decided that he was going to become one, and he did. After graduation Ramsey served in various Manitoba detachments — Brandon, Neudouard, Wausage, National Park, Carberry, Groulx and The Pas, and even spent some four months in 1958 touring as a member of the Musical Ride. After a year's stint in Regina from the fall of 1963, he was posted to Estevan and Fort Qu'Appelle in Saskatchewan, and then to Pierceland and Meadow Lake, where he was promoted to corporal. He spent the better part of a year in Pelican Narrows as a non-commissioned officer in charge of a two-man detachment, and finally wound up in the assistant training NCO for the province of Saskatchewan.

Ramsey's police career was exemplary. He was an effective policeman, with a fine record, but he left the force of his own accord, in 1971, when he found he could no longer ignore the contradictions between his ideals of police work and the realities of life in the RCMP.

In our issue, Ramsey's article is an eloquent letter of resignation from the force. A personal document, it is also a very public warning.

For Canadians to do — or did not until now — know very much about what actually happens inside the RCMP. We care about the Mounties when the Trudeau government tried to only to change the identifying markings on the doors of RCMP officers, the public outcry forced the scrapping of the proposal. But we care about the force not only as a token, a symbol of certain things about this country, but as an efficient and effective organization — and in that regard, as Ramsey points out, the RCMP may be in serious trouble.

In this age of mass media and mass intellect, of the new technology and the new left, men are increasingly looking for

## THE VIEW FROM HERE

### Inside the RCMP: the conscience of a good cop

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

self is conflict with his social environment. That conflict expresses itself most vividly in his relations with those who symbolize authority and no one does so more conspicuously than the policeman in Canada's case: the Mountie symbolizes an orderly law and order but Canada itself.

The Mountie, whether he wants to or not, thus finds himself in the psychological front line of a confrontation he is not prepared to face. He must somehow resolve that delicate balance between order and liberty that has always defined the degree of freedom enjoyed by any society. Though opinions on police effectiveness differ widely, a growing gap seems to be separating law and justice, and this difference is among one of the central issues of our time. The police and the police are both discovering that protecting individual rights and protecting the collective rights of a community are often different — and even contradictory — objectives.

The historical argument of the police has been to maintain established authority, police order, maintaining customs and moral values. These were like unexamined truths, even hallowed ones. But the lightning change in our way of life automatically set the community against a police force that considers itself charged with maintaining security in its existing form. The extent of the police problem at any given period in history has been a measure of the velocity of social change. As a result, the police often find themselves engaged not only against wrongdoers but also against reformers, progressive social elements and those who merely want to be different.

The essence of all social revolutions, good and bad, is a redefinition of place. Because they threaten the status quo and introduce uncertainties, all reforms begin to be viewed as subversive by an organization like the RCMP, whose mission, according to Jack Ramsey, is emotional, religious, ceremonial, implacable momentum and a dedication to bureaucratic efficiency.

Confusion between what is true and what bureaucrats would like to be true is the occupational hazard of any institution which like the RCMP, expects a focused on page 76

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When John Turner became Minister of Finance and general overlord of Canada's troubled currency last winter, the wise counsel around Ottawa was that this was the last of death to a bright political career. Pierre Trudeau himself acknowledged that "nobody expects disaster" to be the minister of finance. It's one of the 11 top jobs, more thankless jobs in the government.

The economy has been the continuing bête noir of the Trudeau administration. There were signs of improvement, but unemployment and a general upsurge remained. The Prime Minister was busily trying to talk in money and for his final two years in finance minister Edgar Benson kept seeing prosperity just around the corner. But it was proving to be a distant and politically dangerous dream.

The business community was in a state of seething concern about the government in general and the hapless king son in particular. Opinion polls were showing a similar disenchantment among the electors in large. Changing ministers of finance is like putting a new man into the lion's cage after the animals had been acclimated for three years.

Besides, Turner was moving into a department which had the reputation of running its minister. The man at the top of the department, deputy minister Simon Rensman, had a power and an Ottawa style that were reminiscent of his father, rather than Benson, whom many insiders credited (and even more blantly) for the course of economic policy under Trudeau.

On January 25 at 6 p.m., Turner went to Government House to be sworn in. Within half an hour he was on the radio. He was at a conference at the Secretary Club in Montebello, 50 miles away. Turner wanted a briefing on the federal provincial conference of finance ministers which was beginning in Jasper, Alberta in three days. Rensman suggested a briefing on the phone tap was on Sunday night. No, Turner said, I want a briefing right away. Rensman's permission in the morning conference created a healthy, if a little uneasy look to the capital to advise his new minister.

The Prime Minister had suggested publicly it might be better to postpone the Jasper conference to find the new finance minister would settle into his job. His judgement would not have been Turner's style. By 9 p.m. Friday Rensman and two other senior officials were at Turner's Macleod's home, all four men debated the federal stand in Jasper well into the night. A new coup was running the finance department and it was not the deputy minister.

After the Jasper meeting, Turner set out to make everyone forget what the government, at least, feared might be unforgettable — the image of Edgar Benson at the helm. Whether or not the government's problems were Benson's fault, he was identified publicly with the odium.

His first task was the department. Turner's arrival must have been a distinct shock for he is the kind of man with whom even civil servants are friendly. He is friendly, good looking and a superb, quiet mind. The latest, cautious speech of a big football coach, had a delicate sense of power and how to use it.

"Fortunately," Turner reflected modestly, "all my deputy ministers since I joined the cabinet have been good stout and mature men." One wonders whether they did not acquire the taste.

The Turner appointment to politics and government is necessarily one of extreme confidence and political balancing of

BY JOHN GRAY



**A delicate sense of power with the sense to use it**

Labour leaders have never been into his office. With a smile of confidence, Turner explains that "I hammered them around for a while, and then they hammered me around for a while." With the leaders of business, however, he did not do much talking back. There was too much worry, competition legislation, the protection of labour during technological change, tax reform and government plans to regulate foreign ownership. As a good politician, Turner knew they were in as much need to be listened — and he must also have known that there is nothing so flattering as to have someone ask your advice.

By the time he sat down to set the priorities of his May budget Turner knew both what the economy and the Liberal Party needed from the new Minister of Finance. It could not be a traditional pre-election sunshine budget ("The Canadian people are too sophisticated for that"), but a lot of one had to be needed and a lot of nerves had to be soothed.

It was unclear, but perhaps not inaccurate, for the NDP's Max Sukkman to complain later that it was "a big man's delight." Whether it actually works for the economy remains to be seen, but a great many corporate contributions must be very happy. The tax and fast write-offs for manufacturing depreciation incentives for processors, a three-year public commitment to free enterprise. Who was Edgar Benson?

There were no obvious currents for the common man. Turner wanted to be credible and responsible, and a general tax cut would have been too cynical. The solution was raising the old age pension. After all, he asked later, what Canadian does not worry about his mother and father in their old age? Something for everyone, but quietly through the back door. Within 10 days Liberal ministers were running back to Ottawa that there had been a tremendous jump in party morale.

When he announced Turner's appointment, Prime Minister Trudeau said: "I think if we all recognize one characteristic of John Turner, it is that he likes to succeed in the things he makes." When he said it, the words carried respect but little affection for his onetime rival. There were those who were so unkind as to suggest that Trudeau might not have been unhappy if Turner had not returned up to his new job the graveyard of many shattered political dreams. But when one Trudeau may think personally, John Turner these days is looking very brightly indeed, confident of winning the battle that will one day fall from the shoulders of Pierre Trudeau. ■

John Gray is a member of the Parliamentary Press Gallery.



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it is a dramatist of crisis events that, for the most part, they told us by surprise, and to a great extent they pass over our heads.

When the entire labor front in Quebec mounted its general strike of public employees last April 10, it was taken for granted by most people not directly involved that the leaders had pushed the rank and file into the confrontation. The Quebec government, for its part, felt that it need do little more than wait for the momentum to die of its own weight. Meddling between the opponents, the news media, for the most part, set up its own solid coverage front to provide an unbiased, impartial, inflammatory "information."

In this atmosphere, the Bessima regime felt quite safe in passing Bill 99, the tough back-to-work law, and the provincial judiciary considered that it was only expressing the will of the people when it sentenced 56 union leaders to heavy prison sentences and fines.

While there is no doubt that a significant section of the Quebec population, stirred up daily by local radio commentators such as former federal Liberal cabinet minister Yvon Dupuis, is so-called violently against strikes and unsympathetic to union demands, the solidarity within the labor movement is far greater than is interpreted. This becomes apparent after the three union front leaders — Louis Laberge, Marcel Pepin and Yvon Charbonneau — were jailed on May 9.

When the workers in the northern mining towns of Saguenay sensed control of their town the next day to protect the jailing of their union leaders, they set off the most widespread riotous day of dissent that Quebec has ever experienced. Spontaneous demonstrations of protest succeeded each other so soon the province rapidly turned against everyone by surprise. In the midst of this crisis, it soon became obvious that for the first time in its history, it was more at stake than the immediate issues. They were demonstrating not only their support for the jailed union leaders. But at the same time they were fighting also for the right to determine the future of Quebec as well as the form of their own lives. "The May Crisis," as it has already been rightly designated here, can be seen then as another stage in the long struggle for change that has marked this province at its last decade.

The workers who disrupted public facilities, occupied radio and TV stations, blocked roads and seized their place of work, cannot all be easily dismissed as the "goons" the provincial media would have them be. It would be more apt to regard them as individuals who sensed the time at the moment of crisis to express the long-repressed frustration and dissatisfaction so common in Quebec.

When a group of workers occupied radio station CHOM in Montreal on May 13, for example, their broadcast made it quite clear that they were concerned about the same issues that trouble a great many who Quebecers: unemployment; the lack of equal women's rights; the false choice of our consumer society. English-French relations; the language problem; the cultural destruction of cities. It seems unlikely that the feeling of frustration experienced by those who participate in acts of this kind will be without its effect to change "the system," but it will not be forgotten in the next "Quebec Crisis."

Long before these dramatic moments, the escalation of Quebec's union had expressed their role through and beyond indulgence for higher salaries or better working conditions. The unions have stood to quiet Quebec in a peaceful manner, and they have assisted repeatedly that the only real

BY ANN CHARNEY



Louis Laberge

## The escalation of anger in Quebec

are just as vulnerable to political manipulation.

Still, at the height of the labor crisis, the show of rank and file solidarity was quite impressive. Indeed, the overt manifestations of class consciousness among workers' strikes, festivals, a sense not only in Canada but also in North America. So in their recognition that their position isolated as being opposed by the present government as well as by industry.

During the last decade, the great North American myth of upward mobility became a mockery for many Quebecers. The situation was not improved when workers striking for 1100 minimum weekly wage read in their papers that the night before their premiere, an addressing Liberal party supporter at a \$50-a-plate dinner, qualified their demands as "outrageous," not in the credibility of the system strengthened when the government cannot find the resources to meet the workers' demands while at the same time it hands out millions of dollars in subsidies to multi-national corporations.

The loss of the myth is not limited only to the old, or to the demands of the idealized success system. The young CEGEP student feels it as much as his unemployed father. The university-trained teacher and the construction worker feel equally vulnerable and alienated in the face of economic inequalities and bureaucracies that deteriorate their labor value and control their lives.

One of the 36 union leaders jailed, Derris McDonald, a name, explained this sense of frustration at her trial. While in the past she had always believed in non-violent means for changing society because of her own beliefs. "Now I have anger in my heart." She is not alone. The common front supporters who accompanied her and the other union leaders to jail carried posters denouncing a phrase of Derris McDonald under the drawing of a clenched fist.

Pierre Trudeau has made the charge that a certain number of labor leaders in Quebec are trying to "take over the social fabric." For once he may be right in focusing the social climate in Quebec. It seems unfortunate, however, that he and so many other politicians are that as a threatening and destructive development. Surely, before we accept this judgment, we must ask ourselves whether we are really so attached to the present system of our society that we cannot bear to think of change. All social systems are imperfect. Those that we'll not permit change from within are certainly doomed.

Ann Charney is a Montreal writer.

## Take the boredom out of winding your watch.

dislike the western love to impose their law is to beyond the usual behind-and-better reason and fight for an independent socialist Quebec.

Linea Laberge, president of the Quebec Federation of Labor, speaking to the twelfth congress of the GFL, explained it as follows: "We can no longer make artificial distinctions between strictly union issues, and so-called social demands. A worker is not made up of separate pieces. Whether he is oppressed is a body located inside, in an exploited economy, as a whole, with no separating anti-democratic powers, or as a tool of enterprises that drain him and then kick him out on the pavement, it all concerns only one and the same man, and it is all of him, even his life."

Laberge's position, supported by Pepin, Charbonneau and Michel Chénier, is not, however, unanimously upheld by all union members. The split in the Confederation of National Trade Unions in late May demonstrated that the unions, like all large organizations, have their share of disagreements and



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\*great

The Lenin Memorial statue in the background stands near Victoria's waterfront, where the Victoria Soldier statue is located. The Victoria Soldier statue is located near the waterfront. The Victoria Soldier statue is located near the waterfront.

## THE VIEW FROM BC

BY ALLAN FOTHERINGHAM



David Anderson

### Another lamb for Bennett or a West Coast Trudeau?

When David Anderson ventured into the Commons section of Vancouver the other day he certainly was anxious by speaking Chinese. When he accepts an invitation from Quebec surgeons for pollution seminars in his role as the Mr. Clean of the ecology movement, he addresses students in French.

A bilingual politician from British Columbia is a rare enough breed, but for David Anderson who has abandoned his short, spectacular sojourn in Ottawa to lead the BC Liberal party, the only question is whether he can talk the language of voters voting about him for a few months now that Premier W. A. G. Bennett is entering the end of his hegemony.

The Liberals hope he can. Anderson, who shares John Kennedy Galbraith's belief that modernity is a highly overrated word, stands to be cut. Why who would he give up his very promising role as the daring young Galahad of the Liberal backbench, the MP who has single-handedly taken on Washington over the Alaska oil tanker threat and who was one of the winning Liberal few in BC whose seat seemed safe in the next election?

It would seem no natural task, but David Anderson (it's all ways David, never Dave) is a rather unusual 34-year-old. When he arrived in Ottawa in 1968, he was described as being a more optimistic freshman than Pierre Trudeau. Anderson is quoted that day as not being through his liberal, modern, looks but because of his cosmopolitan background. He has part of his schooling in Hong Kong and Switzerland and has served China several times. As an External Affairs officer, he was Canadian legal adviser with the International Commission on Vietnam and then assistant Canadian Trade Commissioner in Hong Kong. He's been a pilot with the RCAF reserve, won an Olympic silver medal with the Canada rowing crew in the 1980 Rome games and spent the parliamentary years last summer sailing his 30-foot yacht around Newfoundland coasts.

In all, Anderson appears to be a most mature in the political commodity. The only problem is that his veneering into the strange land of British Columbia. It is a land of political tensions. Caught between the evangelical expediency of the Social Credit right and the trade union-NDP left, the old-line parties in BC have practically disappeared. The Tories have now had a member in the legislature for years. The Liberals that Anderson inherits have been bred into an ad hoc group of only five seats, the executive belt of Vancouver where ten-o'clock newspaper bar patrons, freeters over a year, even Prime Minister has belied off 11 different opponents. Anderson who has inherited his cards, including three former MPs, Dave Fulton from the Forces, BC Supreme Court Justice Thomas Berger from the NDP and federal Public Works Minister Art Lanning from the Liberals.

Anderson is not aware of what he is trading: a free trade deal and a well-publicized "stakeout" ride in Ottawa in one of the toughest Liberal backbenchers for the BC Liberal whip where it is not even certain he can win a riding of his own. But Anderson's short career has been marked by seemingly unprepared but calculated risks. "He always gave the impression of knowing exactly where he was going," recalls a friend from Anderson's university days.

He became an MP in the first place almost as a direct, albeit surprising, last External Affairs post in Ottawa and making home to Victoria to oversee the Esquimalt-Swift Locks conversion after the first non-party conference was

ordered speed cut because of voting irregularities. His astounding action, as an individual MP, of launching a suit against the U.S. Department of the Interior to force a 100-million Canadian mile involved in a supermajority vote from Alaska has gained him national attention and made him a hero to BC environmental groups. The Liberal government, when he was off the Canadian-American Joint Parliamentary Committee On Arctic Pollution, because "he doesn't know how to play ball with the team" lost votes in BC as a result. Anderson wasn't surprised. He knew before then his party was a person where public opinion was going.

For someone who seems to have spent most of his life abroad he has very genuine BC and Canadian roots (as all ways the same thing). His great-grandfather, J. H. Todd, a Cariboo Gold Rush figure who kept his money was the Conservative in 1878 who gave up his seat so that Sir John A. Macdonald replaced by his Ontario riding, could get back into the Commons. Anderson's mother is a

Todd who are in Victoria where the Cariboo was the Cariboo. Anderson's mother is a doctor. David's father, Malcolm, a Victoria stockbroker, is the one who seated him in 1968 that, if he would risk home, the required votes at that second constituency convention would be lined up.

The only issue is whether David Anderson's rather plain career will be the lifting of BC's heavy-handed conservatism. His career could be described as Victoria-South-of-England and it is a most potent how it will go down in the logging camps around, say, Salween. As a Vancouverian, he has the job today because the suddenly Dr. Pat McInnes decided after three years as Liberal leader that his assistant career in the University of BC was more important than being a B.C. Minister. His approach was too intellectual for the voters, who can apparently forgive because his government's scandals as long as the priority remains pay cheques keep rolling in.

The BC Liberals stand at 20% of the popular vote and the ones first vote is gone then. When Anderson has inherited the fact that 46,468 or 25 ridings, Anderson is in third place behind both Social Credit and the NDP. Anderson himself will have a struggle to be elected among voters who increasingly shun their federal thought processes when they vote provincially. Anderson concludes that winning is "a very long shot," but what he has going for him is that he is the first BC Liberal leader during the 20-year span who is not from Vancouver. Perhaps he can make some ground in convincing the unconverted in British Columbia and the NDP and the NDP. Perhaps he can make some ground in convincing the unconverted in British Columbia and the NDP and the NDP.

Anderson, whose independent ways and methodical approach have had him compared with Trudeau, is an another comparison with the PM. He says there is a synergy between his decision to leave Ottawa's political scene and to run again in his own province and the PM's election. Trudeau, he remembers, once left the Privy Council office in Ottawa to fight a lawyer and journalist against Duplessis' regime in Quebec.

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Allan Fotheringham is a Vancouver Sun columnist.



And he had Robert Stanfield, like so many others afraid to do what Pidd is doing. And that is an embarrassment. Why is it that anyone who dares suggest that bilingualism should be a two-way street is automatically labelled an either an anti-French reactionary or a political liability? Is it unreasonable or reactionary for English-speaking citizens of Canada's other vast provinces, who are wrong side of millions of their fellow punts, to pump up federal bilingualism programs (not to mention hundreds of millions more in welfare and other programs going to Quebec) to expect equal value for the English language in Quebec? If Robert Stanfield feels inclined to travel into Quebec to seek forgiveness for statements by people like Pidd, let's either wear a blindfold or let's go along himself too open to go over Canada. **IN RYAN KIRKWOOD BC**

## Funny money

I've just finished reading your issue about the redesign of the \$10 bill — *How To Revise A Threatened Economy* (May). I must say it gave me the best chuckle I've had in a long time. William Kunkin's submission broke me up. I don't know if he was serious, as Ken Darby obviously was (I'd suggest he design bills in the future), but I read it as a very dry joke. I'm assuming Kunkin is head of the official Opposition any day of the week. **GORDON RAINES, EDMONTON**

\* I was very much disgusted with the idea of several "cynical artists" who would put as a revision of the printing on our \$10 bills as your article. *How To Revise A Threatened Economy* (May). Let me register a strenuous protest against the removal of our Queen's picture from the currency of Canada. The creation of the existing bills gives

by Ken Darby, William Kunkin, Harold Tovey and Gordon Rains) was poetic and in many instances, pleasantly. Certainly there is a place for beauty which speaks of a long and loving tradition in our country, as well as something of a passing tribute to the modern age as well. To be true to the new does not mean that we have to eradicate the old. **REV. GEORGE H. HANLEY WINNIPEG**

\* I found your article *How To Revise A Threatened Economy* (May) most interesting. The new \$10 bill is certainly an desirable, indeed. I think the whole bill design program is a waste of money and should be scrapped. **DAVE F. HANCOCK BARTMOUTH NS**

\* About William Kunkin's \$10 bill in *How To Revise A Threatened Economy* (May). I think he had a very good idea. Although I was surprised that he suggested some other groups but completely forgot about the two original inhabitants — the Indians and the Eskimos. **LISA MANNING CAPE IN OFFSHORE**

## Now we get it

The point about a pal-om, as in *A Wife Of The Toronto Power Game* (April) is that it has to be at least three quarters true. And the rest must be suggested or hinted at both. For example in your *Power Game* spread, you made bedfellows of James Lorimer and Stephen Clarkson in New Guard Academics. This juxtaposition is both true and as such of Lorimer's upstate of liberals' outrageous fancy. As for William Kunkin, he was quite rightly left off one. Morison's last name, People's Radio as opposed to Trust Radio. He was outrageously quoted into The Jewish Community. He was wrongly put into the CBC (perhaps for naming the magazine).

protest against the conclusion of Jews Day? But I suppose the other two deserved him as well as not. Looking forward to your discovery of Admiral Vancouver. Every WASP's Worstnight and the Essential Saskatoon. **BEILA MACKENZIE TORONTO**

\* Although I've never been to Toronto, if I ever get the opportunity to go I'll be that much better prepared. Having read *The Super Amazing Captain Toronto Series* (April) I can see it all now! Strapping from the Marlin, I'll remember to feel as if I am a displaced Canadian in an American outpost. Young Yankee hippies in grass-green army handouts will abound. Cadillac will speed around corners and syrupy Musk Tunes will fill through the air to read my car.

As I stand in front of Toronto's city hall, that million-dollar tower with its enriched monoliths, the city, which is picture postcard in a genuine blurb, will be ready and ready from the scene of nearby failures. What a blot on the landscape of the forgotten POOPS. What would they say? (If anyone would like to then.)

And what about The Establishment? Perhaps I'd say it was not a very good idea. It would be one of the Corporate Elite, usually strolling arm in arm with one of the Ladies Of Substance or with a Cultural Prag. What bliss to be a sponsor of this. Maybe the Radical Establishment would be pushing The Jewish Community on the day I arrive in Toronto.

I can hardly wait to visit that bog, surely Hog Town, that everyone has a stake in and everyone dearly loves. **SHARON L. HANCOCK BARTMOUTH NS**

## The real thing

Bill Havel's article about Anne Murray — *Upper Canada Enchantress* (May) — and Jo Dunder-Bent's piece about Hank Snow — *Nashville Gopher* (May) — made some good points and several intriguing ones. It's time the rest of Canada saw the Maritimes as they really are, not as they are made to appear by biased articles — some of which, I am sorry to say, are written by Maritimers. Maybe some of our Upper Canadian neighbors should hop on the Ocean Liner and come see the real east of our country and find out for themselves why we are really like — maybe they should say to one Maritimer was quoted: "I can't help it if I have to go, there is a world here waiting that I just have to know." Not everyone who goes to Ontario is expecting to make their fortune. They are going to find out about and meet the

continued on page 12

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**Your View continued**

people that make up this country of which we are proud to be a part.

BY WILSON HADFIELD

• I assume that Nashville Gokle by Jo Darden-Smith (May) is supposed to give the life history of News Scan's Hank Snow.

If Hank gave this ones out, there is a lot that has slipped his memory. To the best of my recollection Hank came from Blue Rock, Lunenburg County, NS and not Liverpool. NS. In late 1935 or early 1936 Hank was sick in bed with a lung disease. In 1939, while Hank was getting better from his disease, he organised his first small troupe in Halifax. At that time he and his wife and baby lived in an upstairs apartment on Agricola Street in Halifax.

It knew the troupe consisted of Hank Snow on Spanish guitar, Joe Reid on harmonica guitar, Guy Stroud on viola, Cyril Walker on piano accordion, Bruce Adams and his wife as tap dance team and Dorothy Adams as a six-year-old single singer.

We started on the road in Nova Scotia as Hank Snow a traveling entertainment and his community halls in small towns across the province, gave a musical concert from eight to 10 p.m. and a dinner from 11 p.m. to midnight. It was this troupe that started Hank's original piece, *Singing Alone In An Old Anxious Chair* and made it quite popular in Nova Scotia.

At the time I worked with Hank in 1938 and early 1937 we were all paid three dollars per night and I received three dollars for the use of my car taking the troupe and instruments to and from the different towns.

I find it interesting to check the foregoing, possibly Hank's memory may come back and the people who originally got Hank started may be given some credit. By the way, when I played with Hank he chorused only in two keys - G and D. If we had to play in any other key, Hank used the Capo on the neck of his guitar to give him the same fingering, but as another key.

CYRIL WALKER, WAGERSVILLE, ONT.

**Ames**

As I happen to be a great admirer of Anne Murray and her talents, I wanted to congratulate you on featuring her as the cover of your May issue. It was such a lovely neutral portrait. I hope the columns to be as wide-spread all through the promising career which no doubt is in store for her.

Your magazine is truly representing Canada. I wish you continued success in the future.

MRS. H. EUGENE KITCHENER, ONT. ■

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# Joe Macinnis' Canada

Get wet, young man, get wet

*Faint water-wear of preglacial Canadiana dripping off the cold steel has had hydraulic systems growing on it around one glacial push. We gently water the air floor. Four hundred feet below the western surface. I peer out of the porthole at a school of eel streamers past. It is a scene so thick that it seems solid. How I know why Coler was so excited when he discovered their waters 470 years ago. Suddenly I realize we are the first men in history "see" the deep edge of Newfoundland's fabled Grand Banks. It is a crevice that creeps where our yellow lights graze the sand. Somewhere out there the strange sedimented plagues drop away into the black infinity of the continental slope.*

My Canada is a different dimension. It is a cold unknown place where the sea never runs and no winds blow. It is a strange, fluid wilderness that has no straight lines and no horizons — but it has the word "fairer" written deeply into its green lichen corridors. It is my world and my passion. My Canada is the almost one half of the country that lies underwater.

You probably know a little of my wet domain, but your mind focuses at its surface. You are used to looking at lakes and oceans and seeing reflections of the sun and sky. I look into water and see a totally different world. I see sub-surface resources and scientific discoveries. I see exploration and challenges in a dark-chill world of desert and submergence. And occasionally in that mirror of the brume adventure I see reflections of myself.

I grew up in Ontario's lake lands with water everywhere shimmering a constant invitation. In those days a lake had for me only two dimensions: length and breadth. I entered its depths just briefly with oval-bubbled plungers beneath the surface. In my short underwater hours holds all I could see were vague ribbons of light and darkness, for my eyes were not designed to accommodate the flickering shadows below water level. However, a simple face mask with its

soft rubber skirt around my eyes became my window into that new world.

I will never forget my first encounter beneath Ontario's Balsam Lake and the excitement of being able to see underwater. It was a shallow descent to the pale fringes of a wood and stone dock and revealed a conveyer of snails skittering through soft cushions of rocks and timber. I swam deeper, and the dark

yellow-green shapes of two largemouth bass rose from the darkness as piercing light looked up and could scarcely see the surface. I imagined myself to be at the very depths of the lake, although in reality I had swum down a mere 12 feet. Suddenly I felt an urgent desire to exhale. In my discovery of the under-lake I had forgotten the necessity of breathing. I looked upward and rushed through the surface — breathless. I have remained that way ever since.

I was not the best of students, but Canada's water geography fascinated me. I couldn't believe that our country could be blessed with so much water. On the dusty wall still hanging lustily at the end of my classroom I saw those huge oceans surrounding a coastline that seemed to roll on forever. I saw enormous lakes strung out across a continent. I remember staring for hours at an ephemeretic map of rivers, lakes and streams and countless northern islands. Hudson Bay, Lake Superior and the Gulf of Georgia became distant, sought-after adventures. Even then it was a geography of promise.

And there were the men: Carter, Frobenius, Davis, Thompson, Champlain and the many others who followed the water pathways down through the centuries. I thought of their adventures along the strapping coast and into the white rushing arteries of the country. But my heroes occasionally left me with a sense of suffocation. They had seen it all. What they hadn't seen had been recently stayed with aerial photography. By the mid-1950s this century's legendary exploration of Canada was over. There were no huge unknown tracts left for my generation to discover.

I was wrong of course. In fact, their exploration of our water heritage had only

explored the surface. Beneath the looks of their ships was a totally unknown continent. True, it was being pushed by constant tides, but by mid-century only a few men had dared to descend into it to observe its extraordinary elements first hand.

My own discovery of underwater Canada began late in the summer of 1955 when I confidently dropped into the quiet after dinner of the St. Lawrence River near Brockville. Although protected by a nearby cluster of aluminous water was cold, rocky and wash-bathed. My wet-suited fall through the water column was an effortless journey into zones of decreasing twilight. Forty feet below on the reefed I saw an enigmatic cobblestone roadway of clams. Swimming quietly apparent I found the wind-upturned bow of an eroded shipwreck. In those few moments of easy breathing nightdescents I was discovering a part of Canada I didn't know existed. My swimming had become a sudden prospect into a dimension that brought my mental and physical being to its highest pitch.

In the late 1950s a few scientists and sport divers started to dip below the surface to wonder for themselves at the dry fish and hidden shipwrecks. They were the last of a new breed. For those days of pioneering were not over.

We saw off the submarine search lights. Breakers shivered. Suddenly a line shrank in the water beyond us. Silver waves of darkness rose. Huge glowing fishes shrank up the past. Like some of the planktonic "life" of the Grand Banks a reason for so many fish for so many centuries. Lights. Endless pinpoint lights. Like sea galaxies exploding on some distant, unpeopled universe.

My introduction to underwater Canada has taken place slowly over the years. It has been a wild wet odyssey that has taken me from Newfoundland to British Columbia and on expeditions into the enigmatic Arctic. I have worn in wet beneath blue-tipped icebergs and dived with the elegant hump heads in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. In the process I have met a unique group of Canadians whom I call "the wet people."

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Joe Macinnis' 40th has been on the 100th anniversary of the Confederation of Canada. He is a writer, editor and publisher of the Canadian Arctic and Antarctic magazine. A photograph of a young man in a wetsuit and mask is a photo of Joe Macinnis. The photo of the shipwreck and the fish is a photo of Joe Macinnis and his team. Joe Macinnis has been on the 100th anniversary of the Confederation of Canada.





Jack Ramsey in 1957

great deal of its energy projecting an image. Under explanation as the image projects the force's officers not just from the real world but from their own consciences.

As Ramsey points out in his story "The View as the Police Officer's View," the RCMP has a long history, but it's that long history, public opinion, and in trying to regain it the RCMP is much more concerned with polishing its image than with pursuing its role. As a result, no one has failed to see that alcoholism and suicide have become serious problems. And many of the force's officers only make things worse. Some of them

are so steep they can maintain discipline only by fear, they punish and pressure the lower ranks who in turn often persecute the public. Especially during my last seven years on the force. I watched fellow members lying, falsifying records and ignoring suspects, rights until I came to dislike going on the famous warlike tour, because it made me feel like a hypocrite."

To reform itself, the RCMP will have to view change with a touch of wonder and begin adapting itself to the new social environment in which it must operate. Officers will have to be chosen not purely on the basis of their loyalty to the force, because such a promotional system tends to grant power only to those who prove themselves acceptable to men who already have it. Those who "lost by the book" thus run advanced ahead of more imaginative members. It is essential that this be altered so that an initiative originates self-determined how it will proceed in the future.

Another way to order the RCMP more responsive to social change would be to alter recruiting criteria and training methods, so that there is much more room for specialization. Some American police departments have had a great deal of success recently in training policemen to deal with special situations. Flying

squad of New York policemen, for example, are used to help in family breakdowns, violence, often specializing in preventing suicide and so on. Not all policemen are equal in capability. By encouraging them to specialize, the public would be much better served.

Jack Ramsey runs a private investigation service in Saskatchewan now. He's doing well, and it would have been easy for him to keep silent about his experience in the RCMP. He did not do so because he cares deeply about the Mounted Police and the people they serve. So does Maclean, and that is why we have published Ramsey's story. It's a brave article, and an important one. ■



Jack Ramsey today

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Any dabbler, then or now, will tell you, "...just spending time in a barrel doesn't make a great Canadian make". Why? Because 8-year-old Canadian whisky is pale, harsh and unbalanced. Around 22 it's darker and has begun to take on a heavy, "woody" taste.

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The whole world knows the Mountie. He's courageous, fair and square, upright and morally sound as the Bank of Canada. He postcard image draws applicants to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police from among the cream of Canada's young men. And after a month or more of checking for health and bounties, loyalty and discipline, intelligence, knowledge and common sense, ambition, courage and maturity, the potential officer reads the applicant, now a recruit, to a training center.

Today, after 14 years' service and a year reflecting back on it, I would ask that officer, "What kind of man?" What kind of man does the force create by its 19th-century power structure, its incredible book of rules known as Commissioner's Standing Orders? Not the man the boy had hoped to be. Certainly not the man the world knows.

As a boy on a farm in Saskatchewan I grew up with the legend of the Mounted Police, to me the force was a living embodiment of justice. A man in RCMP uniform was given tremendous respect and when I was recruited I felt privileged to serve people who would respect me in the same way. The force still has that policeman, over who serve in the old tradition, but it's lost living public respect, and in trying to regain it the RCMP is much more concerned with polishing its image than with pursuing its ideal. As a result, morale has

## MY CASE AGAINST THE RCMP

By ex-Corporal Jack Ramsay

End of a career, end of a dream

fallen so low that alcoholism and suicide have become serious problems. And many of the force's officers only make things worse. Some of them are so tight they use martial discipline only by fear, they mistreat and persecute the lower ranks who, in turn, often persecute the public. Especially during my last seven years on the force, I watched fellow members lying, falsifying records and ignoring suspects' rights until it came to double putting on the famous scarlet tunic, because it made me feel like a hypocrite.

Unless public opinion forces a change, a great tradition will die and the Mounted Police will become no more than window dressing for marauders that public opinion needs understanding and that's why I'm writing about my experience, withholding only the names of men whose careers would be placed in jeopardy by what I must say. I want people to know what the Mounted Police have become — instead of being constantly reminded of what they used to be.



Corporal Fred Cross, 1967

When I signed up in 1956, I thought I was joining a disciplined force, not a military apparatus that considers men little more than automatons. As a recruit I accepted a life circumscribed by rules. I couldn't swear or smoke or take a drink in public in uniform, couldn't even step at the liquor store on my way home. I couldn't lead a woman to a friend in the force without the permission of my Officer Commanding, couldn't talk of my work to friends outside the force. I couldn't sign a petition,

domestic politics, attend a political rally. I had to become "shortly acquainted with every detail of the Regulations, CSOs and other instructions" which, numbering in the thousands, are enforced with military stringency. I know of members disciplined for "conduct unbecoming a member of the force" for associating with juvenile delinquents they were trying to help. I even know members who had to quit when the first discipline of their choice was a wife.

The first demands obedience, first and foremost. As the Commissioner's Standing Order state: "Obedience is lawful authority is an outstanding quality required of a member of the force, and a member that receive the lawful command of his superior with deference and respect, exercising his principle and discretion as directed."

A major aim of "deport" courses, Regina — where five to 12 months of 32 men each are usually in various stages of training — is to implant permanently the habit of obedience. In my first confusing weeks of being shocked at till I was dazed, I learned to look with awe on my all-knowing all-powerful corporal and sergeant. It was then allowed to see how they differed to a sergeant major, and later the sergeant major's response to an officer. After nine months' training (now just the appearance of an officer triggered automatic subservience).

This subservience is enforced by the usual military punishments: extra drill and manual chores, confinement in barracks or cells. And when I was in training in depot, there was one assigned to punish troop mates in a traditional RCMP rite called home-troughing.

I witnessed my first home-troughing one day when our small arms class finished early. Our instructor was describing how he had won his World War II medals and a young trooper who had a medal for his bravery. This was considered rank unbecomingly, and after class that day, with the duty NCO (noncommissioned officer) conscientiously absent, our troop doubled the offender off to the stables in his fatigue, rebranded him several times in the cold water of the home trough, took him into the riding school where a hole had been dug, poured lime and manure over him and buried him in sand and woodchips. Then we pulled him out, doused him with water, took him behind the stables, buried him, head and all, in manure, moved him and doubled him back to barracks. Another victim of a home-troughing. I witnessed developed blood poisoning and spent some time in hospital. While I felt at the time that such punishment was out of proportion to the offense, the old emphasis didn't sink in all much later.

Then we had a riot in depot in the Mounted Police. The member with the lowest regimental number has recently which gives him authority over those who join later, and the two senior troops in training had been making life miserable for their juniors, making them wait for washrooms, ordering them about. But when one senior troop graduated the other was left outnumbered and the junior troop joined forces to vote every remaining senior on the home-troughing. Early next morning the senior troop broke into the dormitory

of the junior troop they considered the instigator and included them with riding crops while they slept. After the ensuing battle several men were hospitalized, two detained from the force and home-troughing banned — not because of concern for at least one as a punishment. Not because of concern for anyone to show every training class there are broken arms, legs and noses, and I've known an instructor to kick a recruit in the instigator. No, the force's concern was the loss of control and the sum of home-troughing remains in program fear of disobedience indelibly deep in a member's mind.

The force claims that its military motifs self-discipline that is not uncommon for the Officer Commanding the training depot to confer a graduation class in barracks on the night that training has ended. He will do this in any prison, in part to remind them of the force's authority, in part for fear their instincts will creep. If he were really confident that his trainees had gained self-discipline, would he need to confine them to barracks on the night of all night? I have seen recruits break down and cry because they couldn't meet their parents that night.

Rather than instilling it, the force's military motifs self-discipline. When I was training through NCD for Saskatchewan last year, I asked a number of recruits how the night of the sergeant major affected them. All said they felt fear.

A member learnt to hate that first belt, throughout his career, it's there. Once when I was stationed in Regina, Saskatchewan, I had to visit the Weyburn detachment. I was chatting with the sergeant in charge of the highway patrol, the corporal and a sergeant when the OC of their substation unexpectedly drove up. As if a bet had been pressed, the NCOs dimmed about, hands clanking, hats and buttons, as they first only were gathered up. I never forget the shame and disgust on the face of that young sergeant major as he watched the men fight of an officer causing two senior policemen to panic.

Once the force has conditioned you to mindless obedience at points you as a detachment that calls for utmost flexibility. The discipline begins automatically with most completely predictable reactions, reactions, breakdowns, juvenile delinquency. To be a good detachment man you have to be a self-starter but you've been trained to do only what you're told. A field man needs concentration but you see an apprehensive, shifty whenever your NCO questions you jump up and stand at attention. A field man should be decisive but you have been governed by rules that are meant to replace your need to decide for yourself. A common complaint from the field is that rookies have to be reassured as soon as they go on detachment, especially in regard to fear of rank.

The force's rules and regulations are intended to cover every conceivable situation, but you soon learn that no matter how hard you try you cannot live up to them. CSO 1776, for example states that "members arriving on duty shall report immediately to the Officer Commanding or member in charge." But if you obey this order after a long dusty patrol you can be charged for disobedience of CSO 1153, which states that a



On detachment, Minnesota, Minn., 1959.



Traffic patrol, Winnipeg, 1961.



Physical training, Ottawa, 1957.



Musical Ride, San Francisco, 1958.



Photography class, Ottawa, 1956.



Farewell to North Battleford, 1960.

"The system breeds injustice and makes you swallow it. Every member knows that if he complains, he'll be labeled a troublemaker. . . . Policemen in other forces have their associations or unions. The Mounted Policeman has no one."



member "shall always appear clean, and correctly dressed with boots, badges, buttons and accessories polished."

It recalled a member who had been working on a case for two days without sleep coming back into headquarters exhausted and mopey. Instead of having his supervisor praise him as he showed up for his shift, if a trouble report as soon as he comes in from a case he'll be worried about his appearance and his supervisor may be misinterpreted as a lack of confidence. If he avoids his NCO he may lose the chance of getting down and discussing a case while it's still fresh in his mind. Either way the result is poor communication.

Take CSO 1199 (2) for example. "A noncommunication officer will not intentionally associate with, or allow under friendship on the part of, individuals." When I was corporal in charge at Police Narvaux, an Indian reserve near Pin Point, I thanked a member the only available accommodation, with my constable. It was violating that CSO every hour we took together, just as every small-detachment NCO violates it, because it doesn't allow a constable will not get cooperation. Even so, the only system within the RCMP is one of the greatest obstacles to communication and teamwork, both absolutely vital to efficient policing.

When I was posted to Portland in northwest Saskatchewan in 1967, I became convinced at the number of gross errors for drunkenness. So I took a look at the cause and found that some local stores were selling large amounts of vodka extant, which contains alcohol, and that the hotelkeepers were violating the Liquor Licensing Act by letting Indians keep on drinking till they run out of money, and then forcing them out on the street.

I recommended the street owners to stop selling the Indians vodka extant, and the hotelkeepers to stop serving drunks. I spread the word that the Indians could take their liquor home instead of drinking at abandoned cars, or back alleys, or out in the bush. The incidence of drunkenness, fights and accidents radically dropped.

But it was breaking both the law and the rules, not only by allowing Indians on a dry reserve to take liquor home, but by checking the bar before now and then to inform to back up the hotelkeepers. When I told my subdivision CWO happy I was doing his work, "You're aware," he said, "but our policy prohibits this."

I explained that I thought our policy was conducive to good police work. It forces the Indians to act like students. We allow them to drink like humans beings now. They appreciate it. They cooperate. We ask them who did what and they'll tell us.

"Ramus," he said, "you're a very persuasive young man." And over the back of his senior NCOs he reported me that he was one of the only two officers I've served under who would leave. The other member had played it safe and told me to stay with policy.

As a field man you're always in a bind if you want to live by the book you risk a complaint or poor police service, if you want to do good police work you risk a charge by the force. Thus the members who care the most often get themselves

into the most trouble. When a member on highway patrol in Alberta, whose record had been good enough to win his promotion to corporal, paddled his gas account to walk his police car with special accessories, he was fired after 16 years' service.

The rules are a source of frustration, fear and pervasive anxiety. I know a constable in his mid-thirties who in the summer of 1978 was transferred from the Peace River detachment to the one-man post at Denare Beach. This is a summer camp near Pin Point that attracts the usual troublemakers, bootleggers and drug peddlers. It's no place to start a junior man on his own. And this constable, whose work under supervision had been above average, told his OC that he didn't think he could handle it.

The OC ignored his objections and the constable was soon in trouble with his inexperienced handling of some evidence. He was in a bind of the consequences of violating policy that he tried to cover his error with another. He was caught on, investigated, and when his constable reported he was not investigated. I saw him there. It had not been him. He was depressed and bitter. A month later he was charged with robbing a small Saskatchewan bank.

I know members who have been charged under the RCMP Act and investigated 17 hours at a stretch when the normal investigation period is three hours at best. Once an evening store charge has been laid, the force, unlike any other I know of, subjects its members guilty but proven innocent. I know a member who was assigned in service crew for using excessive force on a prisoner. He called two members whose eyes were torn away from evidence and took the unapproved word of the complainant, a man certainly with the police. The member was requested and recommended for dismissal. He appealed and the force's appeal board accepted him. But by then he had undergone a long period of stress and anxiety that did nothing to help the performance of his duties.

I don't think anything is so bad for morale as ignorance within the force, and I would quote case after case where good men have been unfairly treated. One friend of mine, a constable, was charged with assaulting an Indian who resisted arrest. The constable hired a lawyer and won the case in criminal court. He was then convicted in RCMP service court on the same evidence. A senior NCO with a law degree, who has since left the force, told the trial officer afterward:

"Where do you think you got the right to do that? That man guilty when a competent magistrate found him not guilty and the court of appeal upheld his decision?" It's certainly the force's prerogative to discipline its members arbitrarily, but it shouldn't claim as it does, that service court protects their rights in the same way that a criminal court would.

The rationale of the force is simple, if thwarted. When anyone questions a recommendation by one of its members the force can say, "Oh yes, we find with a member but he was over-aggressively dealt with." This will be a dangerous rationale, given officers with a penchant

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ADMINISTRATIVE INSTRUCTION

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These RCMP directives document Ramsay's contention that "the image is the reason that members wear stations, breeches and spurred boots in an age when the only riding on duty is done in the Musical Ride."

ADMINISTRATIVE INSTRUCTION

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# FOR LOVE OF SUMMER



Now in my short-skirt summer I remember summer girls. Once we took a canoe up into Algonquin Park, looking for islands, and found them: small slaps of rock in the water, beaches covered with smooth white stones the size of a hand. There was always a place to dive from, a face of Canadian Shield granite jutting off into the lake. We lay under the pines with the summer girls talking and not talking. One of them was from the north. Somewhere. She sounded as though she were talking through chains. She had come to Canada in the pit of January, and now in July she had some thoughts about Canadians. "You're so much happier in the summer. You all act as if you had your clothes off all the time." Well, and the radio we call it mellow yellow. And we went down into the lake again.

I like summer, said the kid. It's the only time you can get dirty.

In the summer, everything has a purpose, and is complicated. All that stuff: jackets, coats, scarf, boots, gloves. It had better be worth it when you're in it. You go from one room to another: it is a season to have in the suburbs of music and rock complicated food and talk of concrete things. In the summer you don't need reasons to go places. You can just go and out of the organization of your life. Decide to go to the park, to the country, to the career, and go, without pre-announcement. Cook the camp summer foods in the backyard: steaks over charcoal, and the red onion juice staining the paper plate.

In the Okanagan Valley in the summer you watch the fruit trees. My grandfather would walk down the hill toward the lake, through the pines and pines and pines, with sections of aluminum wicketball pipe on his shoulder, and he would be in

turn on the tape, the long, grey swath of the water falling on the leaves. The arriving mosses clattering under the sun.

There's no place to park, and you walk a mile to get to the beach. Red skin and rolls of fat. Stand in the food and gazed into the waves of the blankets. The light bleaches off the water. In the late afternoon, the beginning of the long walk back, two men agree meeting in the shade behind the hot dog stand, unaware of the fact that the beach is a terrible place in the summer.

The wife and the kids go up to the cottage and the dad stays in the city, except on weekends. In Montreal, you see them strolling about, their skin browned and their hair perfect along over their shoulders, looking at the long legs of the girls moving the fact that they don't have to go home and can drop into a tavern





later and have a draught and watch the go-go dancers

• • •

In the winter you go to ancient theatres and various museums, and go home through the Blizzard and discuss the implications. In the summer there is summer stock. Agatha Christie and Neil Simon: mysterious and comical, things with neat endings. At the Town Hall Theatre in Port Carling, Ontario, we used to play Agatha Christie two weeks every summer, twice as long as any other production, and pack the house every night. The audience, in shirts and nylon shorts, listening for the bad English diction and waiting for the murder. Nobody does Agatha Christie in the wintertime in the city.

• • •

Beim is a friend of mine who makes his living as an economist

but is really a fisherman, and will probably have that on his tombstone if they let him. He knows a place 100 miles north of Toronto, just upstream from an abandoned mill, where the bass will fall on a live hook as though it were a kind of fish mignon for fish, and then fight up and down the river for half an hour or so a time. As we drive down to Toronto, we discuss the merits of pole and reel and bait. I know nothing about fish, and in the winter I couldn't care less about them and anyway in the winter we would be arguing about unemployment levels and participation rates and the economic theory of second best. But now, in the summer, fish are important.

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In Vancouver's Stanley Park is the wilderness the old men sit around the giant checkerboard, the wooden men are six inches



high, and you move them from one huge square to another with a hooked stick. You never see them there in the winter, of course, in the winter the old people stay indoors as much as they can, for they have to pick their way past the ice and treachery of the sidewalks. Summer makes life simpler.

• • •

Bugs

• • •

Sometimes a girl so hot that you are not going to make it, you are never going to get home, you are going to fold up right here in this streetcar which has 50 people sat many in it, and when you get out the four o'clock sun hits you on the head like a brick, and finally you get inside the house, finally, the roof air gives you the edge of a headache and your shirt smells clammy on your



back and you get out of that and into a shower and by the time you're finished the sun has been grunted down and you can go out into the backyard and look at the grass.

\*\*\*  
*Alison:* everybody is out of town. It's too hot to work and you don't feel like reading or thinking or anything. You're the only person left in the city. Her's bet, nothing is happening.

\*\*\*  
*In the farmers' market everything is in season.*

\*\*\*  
*Everybody wants to go someplace at once and the highway is jammed. So everybody gets out of the car and stands around on the hot pavement and criticizes the government. The children cry, and are spanked, and try some more. The police car breeds*

*along the dirt shoulder, and everybody gives it a hate stare. do your job, for christsake. The dogs throw up.*

\*\*\*  
*Everywhere, there is an exhibition. In Ottawa, it's the Central Canada Exhibition, in Vancouver, it's the Pacific National Exhibition, in Dawson City it's the Klondike Festival, in Summer 1981, P.E.I. it's the Lobster Caravan; in Brandon, Manitoba, it's the Grand Valley Days; and of course, in Toronto, it's the Canadian National Exhibition. They all suffer off new cars and the people who won usually get their smoking pictures in the local paper. The 18 year olds hang around the lingerie tent and stare at the painted ladies, and on the last night of the fair the barbers tell them that this is going to be the Rumble Shave, better than ever, because the girls don't have to worry about the police chis-*

*ing it down. That gets the 14 year olds where they live. Perhaps for the first time, they go somewhere they don't want their parents to know about. In the arena, the horses prance on the sidewalk and poets are given to leaders in riding costumes.*

\*\*\*  
*In August almost nothing school were back in, although you know that when it is time to go in with it were summer again. Then, for the first time, not being in school, and having a hell surprised that you will be going to the same place in or August morning that you did on a January morning.*

\*\*\*  
*Barbery suits and the secret innard chefs between the breasts. Summer people under the pores, talking and not talking.*

—William S. Burroughs



# SUBTERRANEAN HOMESICK BLUES

BY GRAHAM DOUGHTY

*It's easy to come home again  
if you've never really left*

Sitting in our sunny home on the Spanish island of Ibiza, near Santa Eulalia del Rio, a visiting friend from Canada questions my commitment to a state of eternal purpose.

"This is all very beautiful and idyllic, but why aren't you in your true country now when we need you?"

Standing in a cold Toronto January wind at the corner of Yonge and Bloor, a long-time-once-a-friend questions the extent of my eternal Canadian ruggedness.

"What are you doing here? You got that castle in Spain, you say?"

Somehow the answer to her questions is the same. It just happens that the two places have become particularly poignant points in the magnetic field of my personal search as an artist.

I know it's been a national itch that so many of our artists have said "no hell with this place" and gone elsewhere. Often with good reason, I guess. The thing with me is that I've never left on account of being dissatisfied. Canada has been good to me. I've lived well in some of its most beautiful places, beside the St. Lawrence River, on top of the Rocky Mountains, deep in the forests of Ontario and Quebec. My people and their circumstances have encouraged me with praise and wages, in the pursuit of my art. In fact, I haven't experienced the elements that fill you are and I've just come out. It's my strength to do them days. That's why in many artists are building global studios.

Mike Snow is back living in Toronto now after enough high-powered New York smelting. At the same time he's in a lot to paint the night sky of Houston, Texas, with colored light, texture and stretches much in *Waco* and *Blue in the Face*. Canada in Quebec.

Mike Serrano is living in a Hollywood love seat, making films everywhere and visiting to Toronto for his famous kind of nights with his friends. And so on.

I've been changing places for varying lengths of time since I suddenly visited Ibiza about 19 years ago. At that time not many people knew it was there. I didn't. I was back out of the Ontario College of Art and off on that last, misty, misty trip to Paris, when a mysterious force yanked me out of Barcelona, through Mayaguez, and onto Ibiza. The minute my feet hit the ground I knew that this was the place to stop for a while, and forget about Paris and an school stuff. The perfect for many spaces to scan the past in myself and begin the big adventure of being an artist, created and so my own.

That first season lasted almost a year, and my memory of its events is a kind of hazy, "hey back, hey back, white walls, the sound of cinders by the sea, black shadows and Pundidero brandy, old cotton and the first taking of ward things faded up and cooked in the sun's pungent oil. Now old taste from all the streets. A good, strong feeling weighted down as well by some heavy homesickness. The paintings I made at that time, apart from a Spanish stage, were mostly about Rocky

Mountain sunlight on the remembered body of the girl I left behind and lost.

I finally did go to Paris for a few months to be miserable and discover that Monet wasn't everything, and then visited Ibiza thinking that it had all been a visitable experience I didn't need to repeat.

For the next seven years I stayed around Toronto and the north woods and became successful too soon in the Great Canadian Art Boom. (What was I supposed to do?) It seemed that suddenly Canada looked at itself and realized that it could produce and support artists, and a few adventurous men like Avila opened galleries, sold our work and nourished on it. It was a great time of discovery and vital new friendships as I didn't think of them too often, although I listened to a lot of Flannery O'Connor along with, and mixed with, the music of Miles Davis and John Coltrane and Charlie Mingus.

Then a Canada Council grant and a letter from Lennu, the lady on her post-graduate trip whom I loved and who was now herself discovering Ibiza, sent me flying back to the mysterious island, where we honeymooned and fell under the spell of a girl in the form of a dog of many colors named Nicholas Nebelkond, and an ancient pile of rocks that told us it wanted to be our home if we would put it together again, and we did all night.

Since then it's been back and forth, together and apart, separations and reunions, with the friends who followed or were lost and found there helping to construct a community changing, crosshatched connection between many places, but especially between Toronto and Ibiza. These meetings and goings-on are endless and amazing and they are beginning to add up to a kind of a lifetime. Because you see, the road between Toronto and Ibiza is no one-path's route out. The surface tells us just the outside of what's going on inside. The paucity continues, and though the landscape changes the story's the same. How can you come home again when, the truth is, you've never really left?

I suppose everybody has heard of Ibiza by now, what with everything in the news about the island's master art forgers, luxury boaters, mammoth hippies dying in the streets of gunshot wounds and dope. And don't forget that our Rome went there after it became Prime Minister and probably had a good time. But that's the kind of high life that goes all the publicity.

For me and a whole gang of Canadian painters, poets, musicians, dancers, architects, film makers and just plain folks, it's been the closest we've come to an island paradise.

Graham Doughty is one of the best known and most gifted artists in Canada. His work hangs in most major Canadian galleries, including the National Gallery in Ottawa and the Museum of Fine Arts in



complete with its own suite and tree of the knowledge of good and evil. Backpacks, sleep-aps, new mountain sneakers galore, a ton of satellite and too much knowledge, gear and working instruments and sometimes not, the relaxation clarity of the daylight and the wonder of the concrete sky at night, falls down, perhaps, the island may sink. It is often said, out of time and out of place, but still you can find credit anywhere until your cheque comes.

Soon I imagine they will share one of the new stretch the "Avenida Canada Council Grant." There are plenty of new stretch. New everything. Some people say that the island has been raised by tourists and the 20th century, but I doubt it, having watched just come up the river of Santa Eulalia del Rio. There will be more, of course, as they, because I suspect the local white beetle heads' heads' heads' are really carefully designed to fall down when the boom is over.

After all, this tough, gentle little island has been absorbing someone since man went down to the sea in ships. Some say Ulysses stopped by when it was the domain of Car, the cadaverous who could switch man into cave. I believe it's even as happy often enough and still the spell myself. If you really listen to the squall of 10 thousand pigs in a pen answering their dander, you can hear an creature in their voices that has a human quality.

After arriving in Phoenix, Catholicism, Roman with a hint for luxury, Mors with their exquisite cuisine, forest warriors of the Cross. Not to mention the occasional glandering visit from Vikings, Barbary pirates, and the royal armies of the French and the British. They were all absorbed into the mix, like the ingredients of a dish, which, I am sure, is a testament to that still allows you to pick up on the taste of a particular something every once in a while. A Roman nose, a Moorish eye, the perfectly defined interior of our most tender looking and listening, joined the leg in careful succession of which is almost a art.

Good only knows how the global village will be absorbed. The fastest down the road from our place now at around of an evening looking at television instead of talking about crops and the other things they spend their day with. Why not? I have heard and Eulalia's people have long been involved in talking to animals and trees, whether the strange foreign game of basketball on the sun and rainwater that great animal pids on the players might make. But, the sun sets, what Mors depends in a dose of young Mors's head. We'll see.

Meanwhile I have to be many american old world experiences there myself going up looking for music for a while, playing my bones with an island just hand in the ball and making it run on the last now of Song For Che, changing into a circus band under a blue sun behind Terry-Thomas who really knows how to fall down down playing on the roof of the restaurant, bar, playing in caves and on a silver boat, especially for the new of the music. How can you not believe in astrology when there are as planets in Ulysses?

Can we be auto-psycho-culturalological just bad. We all lived in the three countryside and came from everywhere. Toronto, Phoenix, Philadelphia, blue cheese, Gummy corn, from apostrophe apostrophe, Berlin, blue fiddle, Cape Town, tough tennis, Labor, music, and drama from the Pied Piper's knee of Blanche.

Where we played it could make in feel we had something to do with the crop growing, and the frog and the nightgale concerns in the new village taught as a lot of new changes. So did my fantasies would-turkey who could change to angry and as in instant and who terrified the countryside until he ate all my rising grass plants growing inside our Canadian corn, and became friendly.

Then there were apocryphal when I just named around slightly

blended by the sun and the Rain Night, making two houses, flying dragons and home movies of lonely girl ladies playing cards and smoking and drinking water and with white teeth, and Don Chiva made a film of me doing all that, which the CBC checked to Teletoon. Too naked maybe?

All this time Canadian kept coming to our door. Long lost friends, friends of friends, new friends and deep friends. A variety of friends interrupted but always bringing their country with them.

May brought an echo of the fever and energy of the cities which after the longest time ever away from them, started to make me homesick for the hushier realities of Toronto's Spadina Avenue and the closeness of Midwestern country, northern Ontario, with its taller trees and bigger trees, rising really when needed with its curious and northern lights and its wondering whether the Group of Seven had that much fun.

Inevitably it wasn't long before I became a multi-millionaire ladder climber cliff hanger all night in glacial waiting for the next sunrise or sunrise sign. Inevitably markets have taken care. What an I do any day?

The sun finally came when trying to teleport myself on my motorcycle, the road over a with a good, hard sun which and said time to change again again.

Phew! Home to Toronto with my arms spread out in a broken collection Spanish language type plastic and not my own, my trousers, my hair and my hair in their machine gun cases causing confusion at skydiving prevention lessons. I felt like the whole Costa Rica based back in time for the first winter in four years.

What? As the best case would my. Some cultural shock shudder, shiver from the simulated world of a Mediterranean island covered in new white almost no blossoms to a specially arranged for our arrival and not just polished new, all, descending the path from the airport to the house down Toronto's Spadina Avenue. And company driver with old friend Vancouver-Toronto-Hughes airport named script-schizophrenist, Nehy Kuba, who had himself just returned from sampling his heritage in Japan to wake up every morning with his wife and his wife and his wife. You see what I mean about the culture and the game?

Well, here I am, still in Toronto, more than a year later, living working and catching up on all the late sleep in what looks like a cross between a converted bus stop and a special abstract expressionist studio on the third floor above where Switzer's left had my life to live over. If I have over a delirious, profoundly across from the dead now liquor store, almost the corner from Kensington Market, on the fringe of escaping Chinatown, within near walking distance of the Village Baroque, just down the street from Greenway's Terrace and Gerald Rainer's studio where we practice our music, listen to it and spend down and back words, discuss and argue in art and education and often ask, "Why aren't we that right now when?"

So you see awake to a different one in the night. But not so different in that slow second before sleep washes over you. The same here - the nighttime traffic or the waves panning the shore.

Anyway, Gerry MacAdams, young Canadian painter-musician friend, is over there now, probably painting and definitely making music, and my beautiful friend Alexis Grey, known as Skipper, has just passed by on her rocket, reminding her Vancouver home to her birth home and will soon be in the city and back words, discuss and argue in art and education and often ask, "Why aren't we that right now when?"

It just is a small world all right, and it does continually rotate. If you can jump out of gravity and stay there for just the

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# THE MACKENZIE VALLEY ALTERNATIVES

Like it or not,  
northern pipelines are coming—  
because we need them.

BY RALPH HEDLIN

A play for dollars  
may destroy a great river  
and its native peoples.

BY JOHN DAVID HAMILTON

Environmentalists who expect to block the construction of major pipelines across the Canadian Arctic are dreaming. The crucial factors in development are politics, power and money, the companies know a great deal about politics and power, and they control almost unlimited amounts of money. Countries that focus with a North American hunger for energy resources and a Canadian hunger for jobs building the proposed pipelines and you begin to see that the question is no longer whether, but when and where construction will start.

The Prime Minister is quite well aware of all this and is already moving to make the construction process as smooth and painless as possible. Trudeau has just announced that a new highway will be built, somewhat more than 1,000 miles long, to link Fort Smith (just south of Great Slave Lake) to Tuktoyaktuk, on the Arctic Ocean—exactly the line the pipeline engineers are talking about. And he's not damaging one of the main reasons for all this activity. "The route will be carefully selected so that it will be as close to old oil and gas pipelines as he can get along the Mackenzie River Valley."

The Prime Minister is, then, cheerfully or not, relaxing to the inevitable.

Consider the energy issue. The construction of all is estimated at \$25 billion Canadian. 35 million barrels more than the total consumption of oil throughout the previous history of man on earth. By 1980 the United States alone will be using almost as much oil as the entire world consumed in 1960. The 6% of the world population in the United States already consumes about 35% of all major world energy output. Not surprisingly, the North American continent's reserve life index for both oil and gas—the known reserves divided by the current year production—is his best declining in the continental United States. The reserve life index of gas declined from 27 in 1950 to 20 in 1960 and to 12 in 1970, and the oil index translated in the same direction. In Canada the reserve life index of gas declined from 57 in 1950 to 28 in 1971 and the oil index from 42 to 18.

A transportation system is the key to far northern development. It will be a reality in this decade. Part of that system, without question, will include a Mackenzie Valley corridor incorporating both oil and gas pipelines and an all-weather highway to the Arctic Ocean. "The cost will be in the neighborhood of \$10 billion." — Peter Elliott Timmins, Toronto, April 8, 1972.

There was Trudeau pleading that the people of the Mackenzie Valley will soon be "blasted" by a highway. There, in the background, were the pipeline men insisting that the Indians, Eskimos and mount Indians will be created by two pipelines. Then, also, were the promoters, construction men and southern developers looking to make the arctic pipeline part of the oil pipeline in new towns thrown up all along the Mackenzie from Hay River to Tuktoyaktuk.

And what were the people of the Northwest Territories, especially the native majority, saying? More to the point, what could they say? Nothing. The North is still culturally dominated by Ottawa. They know no say.

But the fact is that the Mackenzie Valley corridor will create an enormous power of pipeline in the Arctic and snare the extremely fragile beauty of huge areas of northern land. And it will destroy any chance for the native peoples of the region to live in peace in their own country. The pipeline will be a catastrophe for the natural environment and for the human environment, and it will happen if it happens.

I have been in the North, the real North, beyond the 60th parallel of latitude five times. The last time I took a boat all the way down the Mackenzie River, and I wish Trudeau had been with me, perhaps then, when he talked about the Mackenzie Valley, he would have sounded like a Chamber of Commerce booster.

The Mackenzie is our greatest river, 1,300 miles long, an average of a mile wide, immense and immensely beautiful, draining almost a fifth of the North American continent. It is one of the great rivers of the world. Its history, some of its outstanding probably reach back as far as Alexander Mackenzie's first

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## RELAXING TO THE INEVITABLE: POLITICS, POWER AND MONEY

Power sources are increasingly pressed. In 1994 the U.S. Federal Power Commission predicted an annual growth in the demand for electric power of 6.9% per year. In recent years it has, in fact, been increasing at a rate of 9% a year.

Consequently, it has been increasingly difficult for the utility companies to get authorization to build plants because of the concern of many citizens about pollution. A pumped-storage plant that Consolidated Edison Company of New York proposed to build on the Hudson River has been tied up in the courts since 1985 and no resolution of the conflict is in sight.

The explosion in energy demands has triggered a variety of responses. Drills are probing the rock and permafrost of the Canadian Arctic and the mangrove swamps of southern Mexico for an urgent need to reduce fuel consumption. President Richard Nixon has instructed that the standards of sanitation for homes constructed under the guarantee of the Federal Housing Administration be increased to reduce by one third the maximum permissible heat loss. Premier Robert Bourassa of Quebec seems to persist in being very nervous about achieving five or \$10 billion — something like that — in the development of the power potential of the north-south line from James Bay, notwithstanding the provisions made in his treaty. The harnessing of the tides of the Bay of Fundy, long considered to be too expensive to be economically attractive, shows promise of becoming viable and is engaging the attention of Premier Rukeyser and Harfield of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

But for the months ahead the big, expensive, exciting and dramatic action will come on Prudhoe Bay in Alaska. The North Slope of Alaska has long been considered an energy territory for the oil drillers. Some 25 years ago the U.S. government drilled three dozen wildcat wells on the Slope, found oil and gas in three of them and confirmed the Ulukuk field with reserves of some 30 million to 100 million barrels — big in the north but unimpressive in Alaska. Then in April, 1967, Ardis Petroleum and Humble Oil began drilling a well two miles from the shore of the Arctic Ocean on the treeless, frozen, white-flat coastal plain of Alaska, 130 miles southeast of Point Barrow and a similar distance northwest of Canada's Yukon border. Late that year the drill passed through 400 feet of what is known as Triassic sandstone — the bottom 30 feet oil-bearing and the remainder yielding natural gas. A second well seven miles away, encountered the same Triassic sandstone at a lower level containing a 300-foot oil column. The discovery well log and follow-up wells made it bigger and bigger until five to 10 billion barrels were proven and a further 10 billion reserve was indicated.

The discovery is important for the United States and exciting for Canada. It holds out the eventual prospect of multi-billion dollar pipeline construction programs across the northern Yukon and down the valley of the Mackenzie. But, even more significant, it could well provide the impetus for the discovery and development of untold petroleum wealth in Canada's Arctic Islands, which are geologically so promising as the Alaska North Slope and hold 350,000 square miles of potentially productive land and water, compared with the 70,000-square-mile ribbon that stretches for 500 miles between the Brooks range of mountains and the Beaufort Sea on the northern rim of Alaska. The islands contain at depth the known oil-bearing rocks of every geologic age; oil seeps, tar sands and bitumen are to be found; source rocks and reservoir rocks are present and the geologic conditions capable of trapping oil are present. No wonder experts believe that beneath the polar bear, the musk-ox, the caribou and the winds and blizzards of the high Arctic there are locked tens or hundreds of billions of barrels of oil and natural gas or hundreds of trillions of cubic feet of gas.

Discoveries have already been made. Imperial Oil has lo-

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## THE MACKENZIE: AN INDUSTRIAL DEATH FOR THE PERFECT RIVER

exploitatus in 1788. Others grew up as fur-trading settlements: Fort Providence, Fort Simpson, Wrigley, Fort Nisus, Fort Good Hope, Arctic Red River, Fort McPherson, Alkiva, Inuvik, Tuktoyaktuk.

I can't describe it to you. I don't think anybody could. But if we destroy it, we will have destroyed one of the last perfect things left in this country.

Or almost perfect. Even now, parts of the river are polluted, because men — mostly white men — have been and there, found it a convenient sewer. But nobody, until just lately, had figured out how to make a large dollar out of the sea, and so it has been left alone. The Hudson's Bay Company ran the land north of the 66th parallel for 200 years in a fur-trading region, then the Northwest Territories were created and supervised, in Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent's words in 1954, in "an almost complete absence of mind." The federal government has taken serious responsibility for the Arctic and its people only for the past 17 years or so. Now representative government for the territory is in its infancy and a few native organizations are taking their first steps.

But even the beginning of democracy in the North may be stopped, the oil industry, with the approval of an Alaska pipeline and the billion-dollar lure of oil in their nostrils, are trying to unravel over all the objections. And Ottawa seems to be leaning most sympathetically to the oilmen. Before the Indians and Eskimos can have their basic needs and rights, before they can work out a way of coexisting with Arctic whites, before the removal of the taxes and traps can be reversed, white government and white industry are making irreversible decisions based on the slumpan of information. Short-term profits seem to be the biggest motivating force.

The environmental issue is simple. We don't know enough. We don't know if a major industrial invasion of the Arctic is going to turn it into a desert or not. But the odds say that it's going to be irreparable damage.

We have had a couple of safety studies launched by Ottawa; they haven't been finished yet, and they likely won't be worth looking when they are finished. A 1970 government risk factor examining the dangers of the valley spent a marginal sum total of two after estimating the ground, and itself complained that it had been unable to make "any serious, critical examination of surface conditions." We're going to lay down hundreds of miles of 48-inch hot-oil pipelines that had of course.

The U.S. government has looked a lot more deeply into the tanker problem in Alaska, and the studies are not encouraging; one report, which cost nine million dollars, noted that a single pipeline break could spill 64,000 barrels of oil on the tundra. Nobody knows exactly what a spill of 64,000 barrels of oil does to tundra, but the U.S. Secretary of the Interior intends to approve the program anyway.

The petroleum men say, and seem to believe, that their gas and oil pipelines will be safe. They don't say how, we are to take it on faith. I don't. I want to know exactly how the pipelines are to be run through the valley safely, with no serious ecological disturbance, and I want to know what happens when things inevitably go wrong. Nobody's told me yet.

When you start limiting the pipeline even with questions like these, they change the subject rather rapidly and point out that the construction of the pipeline will provide thousands of jobs for people in the North, and that the native peoples can't help but benefit from all this money flowing around.

Well, let's look at what's happened in the past. Obviously development in the North has changed the lives of the native peoples in major ways — and almost always for the worse. Most skilled jobs have always gone to white men from the south, and the natives have been left to scramble for what

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some sort of oil and gas in two separate wells. The mouth of the Mackenzie River and in the basin of the Beaufort Sea. They're not saying how much. Best guess is it is pretty big. Petrobrás has discovered an undisturbed quantity of gas on Mackinac Island, King Christiana Island and Ells Bay, and has found some oil up in Ellesmere. A hint of the size of the gas wells or the immediacy of the prospects for early further discoveries has been given by the fact that first gas oil discovery companies in the United States have leased Petrobrás \$75 million for further exploration with the agreement that the paycheck will be shipments of surplus Arctic gas, if there is no Arctic gas there will be no cash.

But even if the highest prize would appear to be in the Arctic there are other prizes in northern North America that are apparently worth the search. There is a severe drilling of Canada's east coast and a promising field has been noted on Sable Island, 300 miles east of Halifax.

And a lot more money. The expenditure of about a billion exploration dollars has resulted in indicated reserves of about 20 billion barrels of oil at Prudhoe Bay. That is a small portion of the cost that will be incurred by the time the oil reaches the U.S. mainland refineries.

The early estimate for building the 48-inch trans-Alaska pipeline from the North Slope in Valdez in northern Alaska was \$900 million, with a further \$400 million to maintain the capacity with a series of pumps. Today it is thought that figure should be increased by at least 50%. A million dollars — pretty rich in the oil business — will build from half a mile to a mile of line, depending upon conditions.

The worst conditions for construction is where there is "environmental" protection. This is the situation where soil is suspended in water and it becomes solid ground only because the water is frozen. Anything done to melt the temperature, the breaking up or removal of the insulating masses, the penetration of moving water or sediments built on top of it — will event it to mud.

Finally, it shows us why to penetrate as a bed of sediments. Mined, it is mud and will make away like mud.

When the waters there in the summer the Arctic region and places not as an insulating layer and protect the permafrost below. Anything that disturbs the balance can result in melting and a considerable erosion. Oil storage tanks on such permafrost must be built on a combination of pilings and insulated beds. Boreholes at Prudhoe are considered from the permafrost is a four-foot pad of grout in a cost of more than \$250,000 a mile.

A continued-wide debate is going on as to whether the oil pipeline should go. The oil companies favor a line from

Prudhoe Bay across the spine of Alaska to come out an inland at Valdez on the north shore of Alaska. The oil would be carried by tanker to the United States. So confident are they that this will be the route that the pipe is already sketched at Valdez, Fairbanks and Prudhoe Bay. The U.S. has agreed to give them a license to build. The proposed route travels through territory that is liable to have earthquakes and the environmentalists are up in arms. The U.S. has an Environmental Policy Act designed to ensure the protection of the environment and under this Act the Wilderness Society of the United States is fighting for a coast order to stop the U.S. Secretary of the Interior from issuing a pipeline right-of-way permit, and the nation of Stevens Village, some 20 miles from the pipeline route, are mounting more legal opposition under protective legislation dating back to 1934.



The oil companies are spending hundreds of millions to network the project on the environment.

Nor in Canada happy about the Valdez route. The proposed pipeline would be 48 inches in diameter and even in the early stages a million barrels would be transported through it every day. Valdez it would be pumped into oil tankers, which would travel in international waters off the coast of British Columbia. The Atlantic Refining Oil Company is planning a \$100-million oil refinery at Cherry Point just the northwest tip of Washington State. To reach it the oil tankers will have to pass through the U.S. half of the 14-mile-wide Strait of Juan de Fuca which separates the south end of Vancouver Island from the northern reach of Washington State.

"We have no direct way of shipping U.S. ships going through the Strait of Juan de Fuca," Jack Davis, Minister of the Environment under an External Affairs Minister Marshall Skirry advised his colleagues in the House of Commons, "but whatever precautions are taken oil accidents are likely to occur."

Oil company spokesmen point out that the oil of North Africa and the

Middle East passes through the Strait of Gibraltar and has passed with safety, and that in the Strait of Juan de Fuca navigational aids will be the best human ingenuity can design or money can buy. But with ships, as with jet aircraft, teenagers' automobiles and children's bicycles, human error is the prime cause of accidents. And Canadians can hardly have failed to note a headline in the *Globe and Mail* last July which read: THIRTEEN PASSENGERS COLLIDE IN 100 IN THE STRAIT OF JUAN DE FUCA.

The Arrive, the oil tanker that crashed into Corbier Road at Chatham Bay off the coast of Nova Scotia, was an 18,000-ton ship; the Torrey Canyon did immense harm to the Cornish beaches when it again, human error — it spilled 100,000 tons of oil on the sea off the south coast of England; the tanker from Valdez will be almost double the size of the Torrey Canyon. A couple of million barrels of oil entering the straits of the Georgia Strait into the Strait of Juan de Fuca is a chilling thought.

The alternative, now very unlikely, is an oil pipeline going south on along the coast of Alaska and moving south through the Yukon or down the valley of the Mackenzie River through Canada to the United States.

The weight of opinion of the Canadian government clearly favors the Canadian route. Concern about spills in the Pacific Coast is reduced by the fact that an oil pipeline down the Mackenzie could provide an outlet for oil in the Mackenzie Valley and the basin of the Beaufort Sea. Against the possibility of a route through Canada the oil companies of the world are spending hundreds of millions of dollars in research on the impact on the environment, effect on wildlife, problems of construction and the thousands and one things that are not known about pipeline oil across the frozen tundra.

Another oil is a particular problem. The earth gas comes at depth at a rate of one degree for every 60 feet. In Alberta oil comes hot from the ground but is normally cooled by the time it leaves the gathering system and passes into the main pipeline. This will not be true at Prudhoe Bay, where the oil comes out of the ground at a temperature of 160 degrees, the volume will be large, the oil will flow fast, the flow lines are insulated, the oil will reach the main line from the gathering system with very little temperature drop. Locally it will be flowing through the 48-inch pipe at the rate of almost a million barrels a day. An estimated gross pumps will boost the throughput in two million barrels a day and, kept constant by pumping and other equipment, the oil will come out at Valdez as hot as it goes in at Prudhoe Bay. You can't run hot oil directly over

continued on page 42

# Our South Pacific.

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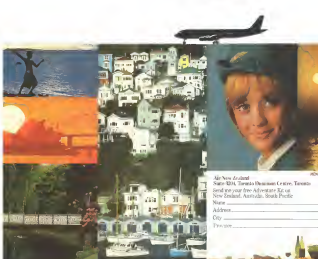
You'll meet our magic lands all through our flight. There there is the drama our storybooks bring you. And above them is the land we serve, the Chatham Islands and Canterbury land. Even feel there in the pattern lands of the world that covers our first-class seats.

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New Zealand, land of birds and geysers and warm people. And Australia, the land of the sun.

Our South Pacific. Come in your own. Or on the best team around. Call us. Or B.O.A.C. our sales agent. Or your travel agent.

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detrimental ground without protecting the ground. The line will have to be built on pilings or the ground will have to be reinforced by two or three feet of gravel and the powerful hydroplaning pads. The construction of the line in Alaska will result in enormous quantities of gas and under U.S. federal regulations it cannot be flared. It could be pipelined across Alaska and compressed into specially constructed tankers at Valdez, but the makers are expensive and the economic arguments are overwhelmingly in favor of a gas pipeline across Canada. As gas is piped cold it doesn't involve nearly as serious a set of problems as oil.

It is safe to project that the gas pipeline will come across Canada and the oil pipeline might go either way. It seems certain that the trans-Alaska pipeline will be built to Valdez. The oil companies have made a powerful case for a route across Alaska and the U.S. Interior Department has bought it.

The inevitable is more difficult to project. If the legal maneuvering are resolved fairly soon, and no further opposition is mounted, the oil should be flowing through the pipeline by mid-1975. Given inevitable pipeline construction aspects, supply of pipe and availability of capital, it is highly unlikely that oil and gas pipelines could be built simultaneously from Prudhoe Bay, as pipeline construction in northern Canada is unlikely to begin prior to the mid-1970s.

Assuming that the oil pipeline will go across Alaska, the first pipeline in the Northwest Territories will be for gas. Several Canadian-based or wholly Canadian-owned oil company concerns have got together and are doing research in the North and will apply to the government of Canada for a permit to build. From Canada's point of view the question of the problem is perhaps typified by the Northwest Project Study Group and by the Alberta Gas Trunk Line Group which are separately doing major research and feasibility studies.

companies hoping to apply, at the appropriate time, for a permit to build a gas pipeline from Prudhoe Bay to the markets of the south.

The Northwest Project Study Group is a consortium of very large, well-financed oil companies, largely American, and they propose a pipeline direct from Prudhoe Bay to Chicago — a line carrying American gas from American gas fields as directly as possible to American consumers, largely domestic, engineered and constructed by Americans.

Alberta Gas Trunk Line, the most piggy on the world petroleum scene but strongly led by its president, Robert Blair, has made intensive contact with the Canadian National Railways and proposes that an American company should own the line from Prudhoe Bay to the Yukon border and that from that point on the equity should be predominantly Canadian. The words of Canadian nationalism are obviously on Robert Blair's book but, at the same time, the Northwest Project Study Group represents major producers and users and is building up an increasingly sophisticated body of knowledge of how to build and operate a pipeline in the Arctic without doing violence to the environment.

In Ottawa as in Alberta it is generally assumed that some form of marriage or merger will be effected and a single, large consortium will apply, there will be opportunities for Canadian participation but intensive U.S. participation will not be excluded.

In spite of the best efforts of concerned Canadians the line is likely to be built. In the first place, a strong case is made by public and private sources that there will be no grave damage to the environment from a gas pipeline, and none that cannot be dealt with from an oil pipeline. In the second place, the gas pipeline will definitely moving to market the product of the upper Mackenzie, the Beaufort Sea basin and the Arctic islands. The government of Canada owns 65% of the equity of Petro-Canada and apart

from its cash investment, has made Petro-Canada the vehicle for public entry into the petroleum play and it is not rational to think that it has made these arrangements and will not permit the gas to be moved to market. During the construction period some 5,000 jobs will be created, and in operation some hundreds of jobs will continue — and jobs are badly needed in the North.

Not in a likely that Canadian rights-of-way permits will be unduly delayed. For one thing, 80% of the crude oil reaching the refineries in Montreal is brought by tanker to Portland, Maine, and pipelined to Canada across U.S. land. This gives the U.S. one use. Further, it is possible, if not probable, that the pressure on energy supplies could begin to ease within a couple of decades as new technology emerges: energy from nuclear sources, from coal, from solar cells and from further developments of hydro and wind power. Coal, once converted to distillate gas, can meet the continent's energy requirements for centuries ahead and that is equally true of uranium. Northern Alberta's Athabasca tar sands contain 300 billion barrels of recoverable oil, and that in Canada and the U.S. contains even larger totals. Rather than an absolute shortage of energy supplies, the problem in the U.S. is the cost of converting available energy sources economically into usable forms and the technology to do it. At a price, the U.S. has plenty of energy.

But gas can get pretty pretty. The U.S. is going to have to sleep the world for gas. The Soviet Union has huge reserves of gas it is anxious to sell. But the Canadian of Trunk Line gas at the wellhead in Alberta for the U.S. market at four cents per 1,000 cubic feet, arrives 625 cubic feet of gas into a single cubic foot of liquid oil at 25 degrees Fahrenheit, there is across the ocean, convert it back to gas and wholesalers it is no longer, price something like \$1.15. It makes gas by tanker from Minnesota look expensive. Nobody seriously expects gas from the Arctic and Alaska to be delivered at the city gates in the U.S. for much less than one dollar a thousand. And their figures compare with a current controlled wellhead prior to the U.S. of 26 cents.

Gas from coal, coal-shales and energy from uranium are substitutes as compared with gas — in ecological terms they're dirty and in cost terms they'll not be cheap. Nobody really thinks solar or tidal energy will be cheap or sufficiently abundant to solve a U.S. energy crisis, projected to peak in the mid-1980s.

In March of last year, President Nixon announced the formation of a new Department of Natural Resources and the stacking up of a major U.S. research program designed to speed the development of new sources of clean energy from the continental shelf, oil shales, continued on page 44

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problem, neither and solar sources and, of course, from coal and uranium production at a competitive cost is part of the plan.

Canada is left with a tidy problem. We do not hold all the cards. If gas and oil is left in the ground we will lose income today but could have cheap power for later generations. If nobody makes a major breakthrough in a matter of producing cheap energy from other sources, our gamble will have paid off. Alternatively we can create jobs in the North, and we can get investment and development where presently there is little of either. If petroleum products are found off the east coast of Canada or in Hudson Bay, the Atlantic Provinces and Manitoba—all have vast provinces—are likely to want to "have" power rather than 50 years hence. It may be, as Eric Korman insists, that the resource industries claim a great deal of capital for every job created—Interprovincial Pipe Line Company has a million dollars invested per job—but it is also true that Alberta was a poverty province in the pre-petroleum period and today, by almost any measure, it is the third richest in Canada. Secondly, history insists most jobs are daily transient than the resource industries but even with plenty of capital about the Atlantic Provinces and Manitoba have not with as much frustration as income in the search for secondary industry. Oil and gas income would be very welcome.

The issue is complicated further by the fact that the environmentalists and those opposed to Canadian exports have a big business ally. There is not a community of interest between the producing and distributing companies on the question of exports; the producers are anxious to use the pipelines built soon while the Canadian distributors, concerned about a supply problem and wishing to reduce pressure on the buying side, presumably share the view of Bruce P. Wilson, president of Union Gas. "The U.S. is already so energy crumb because of the mismanagement of U.S. funds, so foreseeable sources of supplies from Canada will easily solve the crisis but if we continue to increase our exports, we will cause a Canadian energy crisis similar to that in the U.S."

Maybe. Certainly a good essay on energy will have to be written and in this post, all of the questions have not been fully debated. But the energy demand is urgent; the price is high; the protagonists are powerful and the developing pressures are great. There can be no serious doubt that within the decade of the Seventies a gas pipeline will cross Canada's Arctic to the markets of the continent, and in the decades that follow thousands more miles of pipeline—oil and gas—will cross and recross the Arctic regions of Canada.

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The girl with all the vivacity and the good ideas. The girl who said "I've got an idea. Let's go camping!" Can you keep up? Of course you can. And the day of the north has nothing to do with it. At least not from the standpoint of comfortable protection. Tampax tampons take care of that. They're worn internally, and designed not to slip or chafe or show.

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PIPELINES NO. 20, page 36

over annual tasks are left over. What's more, the permanent employment pool left after pipeline construction is finished, will be small. But Change the Liberal MP for the Northwest Territories, and a pipeline enthusiast expects only about 400 (There are 20,000 Indians and Eskimos in the NWT). During peacetime has been promised to native peoples, but I'll believe that when I see it.

In fact, many written probably won't even get their fair share of the temporary construction jobs involved in building the pipeline and the highway. That picture has begun to show up already. There's already a little action in the lower part of the valley, involving preliminary pipeline projects and trucking from the south. Very few of these jobs have gone to natives. Chief Ed Hardisty reported from Wrigley last winter: "There is only seven boys out tripping. Some were supposed to work with the oil but they were told to wait until they are set up. I don't know what they mean by that."

There's a lot of trucking in the Fort Simpson, Wrigley, Inuvik and Nainville. While some of these trucks are not Indians. When I was in Fort Norman, I was told that 10 local men had completed training at Fort Smith in the operation of heavy equipment. Two of them had temporary jobs handling light equipment. Two were working as survey guides, and the rest were unemployed. For Merced, from Yellowknife, says: "While not doing for high school jobs, but it does not take great skill to swing an axe or run a power saw, or to construct a house camp." But the high

technical jobs and the low technical jobs are jobs that pay more than subsistence wages — usually go to northern whites, and the natives (trained and untrained) are one of work. The development's truck record is strong and training native peoples has not been significant — and there's no reason to think it'll get better when the pipeline goes through.

Many of the native peoples are getting damned angry about this, and about other things, and their organizations have become more and more militant. They have a lot to be militant about. Many tribes — the Chipewyan, Dog Rib Slavery, Harelikon and Louchman along the Mackenzie, and the Eskimos in the delta and along the Arctic coast — have been absorbed into the white man's world and the white man's way of life, and some of them are being destroyed by it. The federal government has not been able to stop the destruction of native culture — not by its kind very hard. (The U.S. government settled the land and owned claims of Alaska's native peoples last December for about a billion dollars and 40 million acres of land; the Canadian government has denied that our natives have any land or natural rights. Of course, in white law, the government may have a point. The two treaties providing for northern lands negotiated in 1899 and 1918 were never even ratified by Ottawa.)

Native organizations may still be the only real hope of the northern peoples, given time, they may be able to get together enough political pressure to stop the pipeline and help the citizens of the North to take their futures into their own hands. The federal government, in

one positive move, has supported them with money and encouragement, paying for native conferences, travel for leaders, office expenses and newspapers.

Some of these organizations, in fact, are already drawing blood in political skirmishes. James Web-Slate, the young Dog Rib Indian who heads the Indian Brotherhood of the Northwest Territories and Northern Canada, the post-Edmonton post-white engineer of COMPE (the Committee for the Original Peoples' Environment in Inuvik) has gone under the skin of white territorial officials and has exposed differences between Ottawa and Yellowknife.

The Northwest Territories Council once got so perturbed at people like Web-Slate and Miss Coomans that the Commissioner S. M. Hodgson fired a letter to Inuvik Affairs Minister Jean Chretien asking him for encouragement "nonetheless" and accusing the territorial newspaper *Native Press* of "bullying him." Chretien's reply, in effect, told Hodgson to sit down and listen to the natives.

The native organizations, then, are just beginning to put some effective force on. They need time to gather solidity and strength. The Mackenzie highway and the pipeline will prevent them from getting that time — the project will be rammed through, and the future of a great part of the North determined, well before they can gather all their forces to oppose it.

Commissioner Hodgson made one point in his letter to Chretien that the Indian politicians can agree with, and it's worth quoting: "Nothing but disappointment has shined for the young Indians. They no longer can or want to live in their fathers and there is no work for them in their home communities. If every single native took advantage of every single opportunity in the North to leave, there wouldn't be enough jobs to cover even half of those producing each year."

Now if the best jobs on the construction of the pipeline go to whites — as they almost certainly will — and if there'll be only 400 jobs on the pipeline after it's finished, most of which will also go to whites and if the native organizations are not strong enough to oppose that kind of discrimination, what does that leave the argument of the perceptive men that the pipeline is going to be a permanent blemish for the native people?

Look, this has happened before. After Red River a pretty Louchman village in the southern edge of the Mackenzie Delta. A white owned private steamship was put into operation there in the fall of 1900 and all the villages along the Mackenzie were moved permanently. Many of these told their fishing men and

muskrat traps, the animals were broken, the white managers disappeared, and another the federal on the territorial government increased the complexity of the Indians.

At Seale Harbor on Banks Island, some 120 people were living fairly well from trapping and hunting, in the period 1960-62 for Department of Indian Affairs and Northern Development issued 300 permits for all exploration which involved intense blizzards lead enough that they are likely to scan off the Arctic for. The natives were not content, the situation there their souls of-

tered them exactly 20 laboring jobs on the construction of a supply depot. At \$1.63 in hour.

All over the Arctic, the loss and livelihoods of the native peoples are being drastically changed by white men's development and for the most part, the governments involved have been cheerfully unaccounted. The Mackenzie Valley highway and pipeline will bring the same kind of disruption on a massive scale, and government and private industry are mostly cheerful about that, too. The 1976 annual report of President

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\*Twin-size models \$199.00

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If it were an ordinary gin, we would have put it in an ordinary gin bottle. Pronounce it: "Tanqueray".

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### PIPELINES NO (continued)

Oil, which is 45% owned by the federal government, stated: "The inherent survival skills of the Eskimo are no longer a major attribute. In order to become an effective worker, the northern resident must develop a skill requested by the job rather than depend on his native expertise for employment." There is much hope in that statement: the skills of the hunter will not be of much use in a land already despoiled.

The really frightening thing about the whole effort to drag power out of the Arctic is that it may be absolutely pointless and, critically, the proof comes from the provisions men themselves. They expect barren development because in another few years the harnessing of nuclear and solar power may make oil worthless in its energy source. In other words, let's make a quick buck now — no matter how destructive to the land — because markets won't be available later on. Wouldn't it be at least reasonable to leave the largely unspoiled Arctic alone until we know some of the answers?

Let's take another look at what's happened in the past. The first drilling for oil along the Mackenzie was in 1920, and a small refinery was built by Imperial Oil at Norman Wells in 1923. When Japan attacked Pearl Harbor, the U.S. finally built a small oil pipeline from Norman Wells to Whitecourt in the Yukon to provide a safe supply of petroleum for Alaska bases. I was at Norman Wells in 1942 and it was being hailed as a gateway to the new North — a spawning, boomtown of 26,000 American soldiers, construction workers and pipeline builders. The gambling area had 85,000 hotels and the river swarmed with freight barges. The black bears in the garbage dump hardly looked up at the planes taking off and landing, and the soldiers were ripping gear off the postmaster while the steel pipe was being laid across the river.

End of war, end of threats from submarines, end of road pipelines and base camps. When I flew over the tundra from Norman Wells recently I found that all that remained of a \$150-million investment was a slowly healing gash through the green bush. In the Mackenzie Mountains we swapped how over Bush Camp Two — the buildings intact but the site a ghost town. Occasionally a firing line tower looms on the gravelly remains of the Cassin road, taking care to avoid the collapsed bridge.

The wilderness has recovered. But it might not next time.

The Mackenzie Valley pipeline and perhaps the highway threatens to destroy one of the most beautiful parts of this country. They will contribute to the impoverishment of our northern native peoples. And we don't need them. I say to hell with them. ■



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night length of time you can easily land easily anywhere on the planet, even other planets soon it seems, all the time carrying all your places with you. Because of where and when and the way I grew up constantly coming to Canada, I'm everywhere. The back path through Mediterranean pines from our house into nearby Santa Barbara is easily translated into a northern Ontario forest path to the spring. I don't do it on purpose. It's just a beautiful sense of don't space that sometimes comes over me and I know it is for as long as it lasts.

Flying to a far-off place to pretend you are back home may sound silly but it's one way to explore the secret geography of your mind. I imagine that once you get the hang of it you work anywhere. The world is your office and its lessons could produce pearls.

Meantime, in the last while here on the old street, there's been more than enough hard reality and glory of hard reality, as well as just the right amount of satisfaction of the heart. I've become fat and taken a job teaching in the New Ontario College of Art where I've landed a whole lot more or other again about my craft or talent or from my students and I feel like doing some great paintings because of it. That's I can find my room among the wooden being unpacked and piled up around the place by my Lady Laura who has just returned from her first job in around the world.

And the crane? Much has always been the messenger since some of us Toronto painters discovered it was one of the most expressive

forms of communication between us, and the always exploding Artistic Jern Band came into existence. It's been a good way to talk about art and life and teach its lesson. True north music, strong and free.

After 15 years of making joyful noise together, we laugh and mumble and threaten to go off on a canoeable tour. Watch out. As it is we're already just moved Kingston, Ontario, with our first one-of-one one-eighty stand-off-down-to-back-up-for-another-grat-crisis. After the concert I showed a model room with Bob Muckle, famous everything and the only true Canadian in the house, for being a noble punk man. Melnick, which is probably why he was the only one in the band to get a divorce with his bed. But he won't leave the country unless he can be convinced that chips and gravy really can be found in other lands. We're all working on it because "invention is the world" as he's well undoubtedly said as back to there, the brilliant and another moment of truth.

Flying home. Some slightly confusing cross-references of a hometown small town down home big city boy making his escape but still the search for his own go on. The search seems pretty much the same, as it is simply the same one high-wired acrobat, in different places still stumbling and negotiating too badly but living deeply in things space and sleeping in the markets around the corner or over the hill? Missing friends more than the view. A sometimes euphoric. Some time! And space seems to be the distance between people. ■

DETACHMENT then page 24

building beside a stand of silver willow with the date of its erection chiselled into the polished stone above the door. About 1910. It's the sewage plant. Many big cities with big sewers don't treasure their water this way even today.

The fact is the famous head count of this village dropped another 14% last year. As fast as they're lost in the hills are getting on. Their absence marks the vitality from village life. Age — old age — dignified and strong features this village. This village whose newest building happens to be not a youth centre, but a new school, not a new ice arena, but the Senior Citizens' House.

Even the Indians and Métis ("breds") they are still called here) who live on the outskirts of the village in the splendor of popular beach shacks covered with weathered corrugated paper sitting on long lawns crowded with house numbers the one-room shacks where the animals and youngsters sleep sleeping space under the bed — even their make have been depleted of youth. For that matter,

60% of the town's housing is more than 40 years old, of frame construction, without good plumbing, lighting and ventilation. Their owners can't afford better conveniences. The small estate on the horizon ready to drop out of sight.

Yet there is no question that Willow's past and present are contained in this village — more precisely in places like this one. For, if he had been aware of it, all the years of his adult life would have been here. Willow was to know, really know, so other kind of life, so other kind of place. Everything he was to become would happen in town and villages related in spirit and purpose to this one.

By the time Willow reached the detachment building he well had breakfast prepared. The children were up. The walk from the service station through snow had taken him about three quarters of an hour.

The detachment was not far from the gleamy railway station. It is a red brick continued on page 22

# "We discovered a new way to tour Amsterdam. It's called the Water Walk."



"No miracle to it. Just a quiet place to sit. The wind at your back. And a look of a lot of fun. All added in. John and I are ready for our stroll down the Amstel River. A great way to travel—I've had things like boats and locks."



The trick of the sport is to stay on your feet and keep the bag moving. Rather like doing the finger-train exercise at bowl of golfers.



Good. There was no again. Supplied by the view of a passing bridge. And much to the amusement of the Amsterdamers watching from the shore.

"Take, all the 18th year old Hiram Kettle (Little Cat) Tavern, we just had our adventure with Canadian Club." It seems wherever you go, C.C. welcomes you. More people appreciate its gentle manners. The pleasant way it follows in most company. They always do similar tactics character. A little not matched by any whiskey, anywhere. Canadian Club—"The Best In The House" in 37 lands.



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## DETACHMENT

building with white wood trim, a flag is a attachment, not lawn, small flower and vegetable garden at the back. One half of the detachment has two stories, the living quarters for Willow, his wife and his three children, a boy eight, and two girls 10 and four. The other half is one story and contains the detachment office, and, in a large rear room, a kitchen comprising three ovens and washroom facilities. The building is government-owned and was constructed five years ago, with hardwood floors, reasonable living space and modern conveniences, one example of the force's long-term plan to make sure its men on detachment have decent, comfortable conditions, perhaps to draw someone like the other detachments who have their job requires them to put up with. Willow had not always been in luck. His worst experience had taken place early in his career when he'd been a single man and had been transferred to a temporary detachment up north in the prairie. He'd lived in a two-down, former construction hut with a Quebec heater, a chemical toilet and no running water. When there were pressures to look after, they lived with him until he could take them back to appear before a magistrate or JP, there was nowhere else to put them. At night he handcuffed them in his bed. More often than not, they slept and he didn't. Shades of *Rosebud*.

Detachment life can be a gypsy existence. The men are transferred every two or three or four years, often from one end of the country to the other. They move from hell to hell or heaven to heaven, depending on their temperaments, their skills, their ambitions, their luck. Their daily life can become chaotic, a life spent wildly from hour to hour on chance circumstances, unknown conditions, uncertain developments in the form of new strikes, quarrelled bodies, broken ovens and both savage and ingenious sports of criminality. It can be an endless calling. The capriciousness uttered by a Depot Division lettered, "Best situation on detachment will always remain fluid." It is perhaps recommended years later and only then appreciated, grudgingly in the atmosphere on detachment the personalities are hidden at the changed, the house grow lower, the work, stronger, only the true middle class or steady one.

In Willow's detachment, the walls weren't soundproof enough sometimes to block from the living quarters what went on in the police office or kitchen areas. As a result, their lives - Willow's life and each member of his family's - were tactically touched by, and would often become intertwined with, the incidents taking place "next door."

It was always worse when you knew somebody. They would never forget, for

example, the sound of Joe Caruso's sobbing. Everybody in town knew Joe Caruso, Joe got drunk one Saturday night and pulled his half-ton truck into a car full of kids coming home from a dance, killing three, one of them his neighbor's.

From the tiny cell Joe's sobbing filtered through to the family as they huddled for the rest of the night. He hadn't been arrested, but his grief was visible to the Willows. They knew there was no escape from Joe's anguish. But the Willows didn't complain. None of them told Joe Caruso to shut up and go to sleep. And Willow couldn't be fancy when he visited in. Prisoners weren't get such warm remarks. They had to be fed special foods, because of diets, given medicine shots, but the DTP (Prisoner's) got a case in out of nowhere, so, but their names called, and had to be taken care of. People dropped in to talk their problems over, in a situation to confusion, and this went on to become around people again or, perhaps, to another trouble. Of course to dip into the old box of oldies Willow kept. The Indians and Mitts always seemed to be in need of something.

Melvin Willow, a small, very, urban-born woman with the compassion and simplicity of a man, became, over the years, a kind of old mother. She had met Willow in a small town in Manitoba when she was in training to become a registered nurse. She darned prisoners' socks, washed their clothes, helped them wear letters, traded their life. From across the head at Christmas time, cards and presents arrived signed "John" or "Mary" or, as often with no names at all. One party was held and moved around her a Melvin's Day card in seven years.

Willow had the opportunity to get away from it to move on up the ladder of the force. Once, they transferred him to plantations duty in a division headquarters in Edmonton. In a few months he requested a transfer back to detachment duty. For Willow was one of those rare ones - a born detachment man. Something about the life engaged his interest. He wasn't particularly special or brilliant at his work but a man who didn't seem to mind the long hours and moving constantly in a world where, as Rascal observed, "Crime like vermin has six legs."

Thus, Willow landed back in the middle-prairie village, one man who, in some strange way, had unknowingly chosen his own destiny.

"The detachment man is the workhorse of the force," says one RCMP senior officer. "The secret of being a good one is to know how to handle people. That requires a special ability. Because people, no one needs to be told, won't do the same. Willow had the knack of handling all kinds."

continued on page 54

CHATEAU  
CARTIER

CHATEAU  
CARTIER

for the pleasure of people



## DETACHMENT continued

and another friend, "was taking a turn at the skull saw when Doc was doing an autopsy."<sup>11</sup>

After breakfast, Corporal Willow spoke to his son about the poor spelling mark on the boy's report card, promised to pick up the piano his wife had loaned to the school for the Home and Garden Show, and then went next door to the office to catch up on some paperwork.

As a detachment man, Willow had been reprimanded twice in his career once for allowing men under his command to use a police car for other than service purposes, another time for allowing a prisoner he was escorting to escape. He hadn't solved any sensational crimes, and his record of cases "concluded" wasn't memorable. But he worked conscientiously at trying to clean up the hundreds of commonplace and often tedious, crimes and misdemeanors that cause his men

That morning, in his detachment, Willows' "complaint book" contained 40 cases that were SUI (still under investigation). These included theft of wheat from a granary, 15 assorted but minor traffic infractions, one indecent assault, two missing rats-apart, one breaking, entering and theft, a suspected arson case, a possession of a homemade still case, and two manslaughter charges arising out of highway accidents.

For the year up to that day in August, Willow had investigated more than 300 complaints of car kind or weather. Forty percent of them had been reported to him between the hours of midnight and 6 a.m.

The fact is that RCMP detachments often offer one of the few remaining 24-hour services left in the world. Day and night, when the phone rang Willow answered it. Day and night, when somebody came pounding on the door, Willow answered it. If for some reason he wasn't there, the duty fell to Blaine Willow — she didn't know to do it but she put it in (in the force a Mountie's wife is known as the unpaid second man).

de la chaux et de la terre.

In the case, Willard made out a requisition for a new set of snow tires for the patrol car and some stationery. Then he typed up a 137 on a crime dealing with a successful investigation that had occupied almost two full days of his time, aided by the dog master and the police dog from his sub-division headquarters. The case concerned the beating and theft of a calf. The defendant, working on a farm belonging to one of the complainant's neighbors, had stuffed up a two-burp bag stuffed with about 45 pounds of beef, made up some meals, and a green Hensford calf feed — the feed — all partly hidden underneath the doghouse behind a clump of tall western spruce.

Then, shortly after 10 a. the detachment telephone rang. It was Simonsen, the mechanic. The police car was ready.

Willow went into the house, side of the detachment, collected a thermos of coffee and some sandwiches Marion Willow had made up for his lunch. Willow kissed his wife good-bye and left. The party was over. It had happened hundreds of times before.

Outside, he started on foot again, as he way back to the service station. He walked past the railway station, along First, and onto Main Street. He was glad to be out in the sun again, glad to get a little exercise, because at 33, Willow was no longer trim. He had a round, soft, pleasant-looking face, squinty eyes and the thousands and thousands of stars making a police car had beamed on him a slightly jaundiced look and a reddish, heavy nose.

At the garage, when he was in the car, he took out his "nose" eyeglasses, which he kept in the glove compartment and put them on. The plastic, plastic-framed glasses made him look more like a kindly schoolteacher than the "order of the Planet" who always told his men:

Then, over his car radio, he reported his car number and "eight-10, general patrol north," which would be noted at his division headquarters, some 300 miles away, at precisely 10:55 a.m.

The first call that morning was at the house of a farmer named Peter Smithson. A complaint had been made against Smithson by a neighbor who had reported that the man had been taking potshots with a rifle at the man's cows. Willow had decided to drop in and have a talk with Smithson.

It took Willow about a half-hour to reach the Smithsons' farm. He turned onto a narrow rutted lane, flanked by a dense row of stunted Russian poplars, which led up to the house. A single-story frame building, the house was badly run down. The barn had never been painted, and a large patch of the shingled roof had been eaten away by age. At the sound of the car in the lane, a brown and white mongrel dog had come stamping from the field and was at him in a hoarse

Willow parked the police vehicle beside a matched truck at the edge of an abandoned garden. Stepping out paying no attention to the dog yapping at his heels, he began to walk slowly towards the side door of the farmhouse.

Inside the house, Southon stood at the kitchen window. He didn't know Willow, and Willow had never met him. But, that morning, something let loose within Southon: some steel frustration or deep gnarls against the world, either real or imagined, which he'd probably been darning up for years. Southon poked the ugly snout of a 300 rifle through his kitchen window and took aim at the nonexistent helicopter.

At this time, the RCMP members for detachment patrol duties composed black ankle boots, black overalls with a second yellow stripe running down the side, a black shirt with a yellow collar, a yellow jacket, black shirt and tan navy-blue pants. Willow's jacket had gold-framed, copper-colored chestnut snow horns on the right side. High on the left sleeve were three yellow-overlaid, five-pointed stars, in a horizontal line. Willow was also wearing tan jeans' service. On the same side, but created as an outlet from the bottom of the cuff, were yellow-tinted crossed nevelons on a black background. Willow's equipment was quite similar with the exception. The white slat of his knee-protecter Sam Brown's equipment (taken from around his knee) down the front of his jacket like a long string and disappeared into a black bag. Willow's equipment was also taken over his right leg, and at night, the bag of the lanyard was known to the ramp look of the 38 Smith and Wesson police special revolver. Willow wore a tan cap, navy-blue top black neck, with a light tan-yellow-brown band on the side. Willow's equipment was taken from the RCMP motto, *MARANI*. The RCMP stamped into the metal.

Willow would not hear the report of the rifle whose bullet smashed into his body, to end his life. ■

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RCMP page 22

for power. When a former OC of the Prince Albert detachment was transferred to a larger subdivision he remarked to his staff: "With a subdivision this size we should be able to average four severely injured cases a month."

The recent member says that his subunit comes in to do as little as possible. He cites away from difficult cases, discourages complaints. To escape disciplinary action for breaking rules, as he starts, you to function. He begins to think and an self-protection. He focuses on the daily duty that he hasn't time to keep up, he picks the capsules that the force also with such indignation, he subunit investigation reports that show how following policy that would have been ridiculous in his circumstances. Any member with 10-year service has learned to be skittish.

In this past year he heard high-ranking RCMP officers state on television that "it is not the official policy of the force to put subunit members on advisory assignments." Yet in 1970, when I was in Ottawa taking a course, an NCO from Security and Intelligence told me that the force not only had men on campaign but that as a recruit S and I working on either had advised members that any man who refused unit duty would be transferred out of the branch. A member then asked the officer how the force would back them if they were found out, and the officer, an inspector, refused to answer. The question it was the top brass being or against of what's going on?

Every year every Mounted Policeman is assessed by his reputation on everything from his work to his appearance. And within that assessment, loyalty ranks high. It's defined in Standing Orders as "dedication to the force," and the guidelines are explicit: "How far does the member place the welfare of the force ahead of any other consideration?" (Italics mine.) A member, in short, must place the force ahead of truth, justice, and service to the people of Canada.

At the same time, if you cling, as I did to the RCMP ideal, you have to be not only to the force but to yourself. If you become an unconscious hypocrite at a certain time, time and again I've been in court when an Indian prisoner has pleaded not guilty and heard the magistrate say, "There'll be a short adjournment, honorable, while you explain things to this man." And then the Indian, who by tradition looks to the Mounted Police for protection, is cornered by the constable into pleading guilty.

You face, first to survive, then, as force and get Mount concerned, to get ahead. I was told by an ex-member of a drug case in which the officer in charge told his investigating team that they had to

make the charge stick. At the trial the accused claimed he hadn't left his car at a certain time. One investigator testified that from what he was at that time he had seen the accused leave the car. The accused was convicted not only on the drug charge but for perjury. The ex-member told me that from his anxious position he could see both the accused and the place the investigator had claimed to be — and the investigator wasn't there.

Under pressure, you conform. You suppress your doubts. You embrace the system. You can see the change in a member who becomes in two or three years from corporal to staff sergeant. He's no longer a policeman, he's a stern disciplinarian. He no longer serves the ideal, he serves the usage.

This was brought home to me sharply in the spring of 1969 when I was corporal in charge at Pelican Narrows, near Ft. Hare. I investigated a stabbing at Sandy Bay 30 miles distant and found that 20 cases of self-inflicted had been bought from the general store that weekend. This was capable of making more than 1,000 gallons of an intoxicant the celebrants, mainly Indians and Métis, call "melly." In Indian and Métis when when are usually quiet but when drunk are often violent. And there was one constable and myself to patrol Pelican Narrows, the isolated village of Sandy Bay and Deception Bay, and to help out at the summer resort of Deception Bay. I requested one other constable until Deception Bay closed. The OC interpreted that as reluctance to serve at Pelican Narrows and sent a staff sergeant to investigate me.

During summer and early fall's young Indian came in by canoe to report fishing and drunken parties at Deception Bay. No one had been shot yet but people were frightened. Deception Bay and Sandy Bay would be reached only by air. And the RCMP air craft at Prince Albert, 265 miles south-west, was available only once every three weeks — and then only in good weather. I submitted a memo to subunit for authority to station in three men a week to stop the burning of mail and persuade the Indians by personal contact to stop drinking. At \$10 a flight it would cost about \$160 for the five months, and after that we would only need to fly in once a week. The answer never back, that such authority might be abused, which would tend to encourage cost. I could charter an only in case of emergency — in other words, only after a crime was committed. But it was authorized to charter into Sandy Bay at any time. Sandy Bay, a former detachment point, had a resident C.M.I.A. and the possibility of a complaint to the Attorney General's department outweighed the record of violence at

continued on page 22

# party line

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**Cold Duck**  
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What weeks I was reduced by the Deschamps! Cop, street manager that several people had been shot. When I got there I found that after a laparoscopic drilling hole during two or three days it's your duty to find out about himself in the foot, then find into a shock and let two men, one of them his father, who later died in hospital. And after I had the investigation compared to my satisfaction the OC there came to the words and few or men to re-examine every witness I had talked to and conduct a witness search for the entire case.

I'll never forget my failure as I investigated that killing. I couldn't remember the fact that I would charter into one village and not the other. I couldn't understand the breath of Standing Order 193 which states that "the prevention of crime is of greater importance than bringing criminals before the courts of justice." I couldn't forgive myself for not ignoring instructions. If I had I knew I would have been charged, but that man, I was sure, would still be alive.

That same fall I attended our annual subdivision ball and learned of my supervisor that the RCMP sergeant had been a high-ranking officer and his wife in from Regina and had picked up the senior subdivision NCO's son in northern Saskatchewan so that he could go to see his mother in the States. I couldn't help but wonder what the people of Deschamps thought of a force that would spend its money to create a favorable impression among the disgruntled guests attending a ball while refusing to protect endangered Indians.

As members move up in rank more time is spent on police work and more on managing and controlling junior members. When I was in the North-British subdivision, northwest of Saskatchewan, 80% of police-policer contact was by members who had four years' service or less. NCOs with the greatest experience then do the least police work and once they're commissioned they do none at all. They wear directives. They administer. They control. detachment and discipline members. The system ensures that their experience in police work is lost to the force and even worse that they lose touch with reality.

Regulations state that "an officer is expected to familiarize himself with conditions throughout his division." Sounds great, but how does he do it? By CSO 1517, which says that "detachments shall be inspected three times a year," twice by the Officer Commanding the subdivision, once by the Section NCO. And since the purpose is "to ascertain and examine the general condition and development of personnel," it is required "that detachments should not be forewarned... unless so directed

by the Officer Commanding."

But in practice (it's not quite that way) every officer knows that the rules are so stringent that any suspicious inspection would turn up violations, so unless they're desiring a detachment from they tell him when they're coming. In fact, inspections are so far from random that cars may be polished days in advance and I know of complaints left unattended until inspection was over to keep the patrol car from getting dirty.

As a result, the OC or the Section NCO sees up-and-coming buildings, many uniforms and shiny equipment. But neither of them sees how the work is done or how the equipment is cared for. So the OC reports that all is well to the Commanding Officer of his division, who reports to the Commissioner, who



then can give the Minister of Justice a report that statistics do range of the force.

The higher the officer rises the less he knows of what's going on. Once a year when the Commissioner makes his inspection of all RCMP divisions, he steps into a dream world. He walks down a line of men in smart dress uniforms. "How are you, sergeant?"

"Fine, sir."

"Any complaints, corporal?"

"No, sir."

And then he goes back to Ottawa and reports that morale is high. He has seen only what he wants to see and heard only what he wants to hear. And everything is just fine in the finest police force in the world. While I was running around NCD for Saskatchewan, we spent many thousands of dollars teaching courses in modern interpersonal com-

munication while retaining archaic procedures that cut officers off from reality.

An officer has a vested interest in the system; it's his source of power. And since no one is promoted who doesn't polish and protect the image, an officer's chief concern becomes a paper picture of the force that always shows how great both he and it are doing. The picture is persuaded by what are called statistics. Every occurrence, every complaint, every case is a statistic, but the most widespread ones are successful prosecutions. For these are used to show the force's success in containing a rising crime rate and is jockey the never-ending request for more men and equipment.

RCMP members are told they don't need statistics to win the ratings that mean promotion, but if you want to remain in the good graces of your superior you make sure your statistics surpass those of last year. And members who try to be fair and be kind to the citizens lose. For example, members on highway patrol who wear seatbelts instead of protective belts are soon transferred out of a revenue-producing posting, usually with a lower rating on their A-1's. Their personnel report, I know one subdivision OC who told his highway patrolmen that he wanted 17 prosecutions per member per shift.

Naturally, members become over-cautious. They'll charge down 45 and say, "I clocked you at 70," when in fact, you just push your vehicle up to 30 and ignore the fact that you're over-taking. I know a member on highway patrol who watched for violators from a rooftop, one who hid in the slightly exposed trunk of his police car, one who attended fictitious cases in his jail.

I recall a small detachment member whose attitude toward the town's young people was so aggressive and so unbecoming that they felt challenged. They would have him with one car to one end of the main street while friends in another car sit at the other end of the street did power turns or threw beer bottles at the RCMP officer. His attitude caused the residents and every incident was a statistic as his stars went up and he was promoted. He was replaced by a man with a friendly and understanding attitude. "If your drinking doesn't cause anyone trouble," he would tell the young men, "I won't be too concerned. But if you break the law in a result of drinking, you'll be prosecuted."

Slowly he gained their confidence. Officers dropped but so did statistics, and he lost his second star. As he visited division OC said, there wasn't the work — on paper. From then on he had little time for a good preventive program and the community as a whole got poorer police service.

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Hiram Walker. The name reflects quality.

#### RCMP continued

In this glossy paper picture the force tries to build its image, a fluid man with a tight set-on-it considerably as his car and drink up 40 to 50 successful prosecutions in a weekend, while a neighboring detachment man may be working twice as hard on a theft that yields him nothing but the goodwill of a community that knows he's at work. But in the RCMP these days, a last note is a stinko.

What this means to criminal justice is self-evident. You're supposed to read up around the traditional RCMP warning: "You need not say anything. Yes, have nothing to hope from any promises or favor and nothing to fear from any threat whether or not you say anything. Anything you do say may be used in evidence." But too often you feel to explain it as you ripen it off so it's not understood, because when it is understood an accused usually buttons up. I have even known members to sweat that the warning was told when it wasn't.

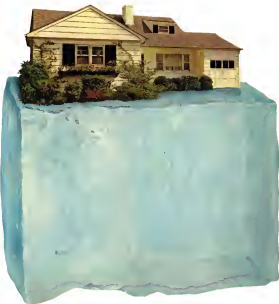
And of course the sweet pinch for statistics is the Indian. When the peak is on for statistics members will visit on the dry reserves for the Indians to draw in work liquor. They will walk without knocking into Indian homes to catch them drinking. When the Saskatchewan liquor law was changed in 1965 to prohibit the procurement of persons intoxicated in a public place, overzealous customs showed its power and kept their statistics up by charging Indians under the Criminal Code for causing a disturbance. The fact that the Indians work in every mark for statistics is a major reason why about half the prisoners in jail in the west are Indians, who make up less than 10% of the population.

When the pressure of work is added to the pressure of fear and guilt, it says and for the job, that famous RCMP esprit de corps. Sluggish morale means slackening effort, less alertness, slower responses. I think that this is evident in the case of Wilfred Stanley Robertson, widely reported from every point of view but the truth.

In October of 1970 a farmer came into the Prince Albert detachment to complain that he had been shot at by a friend. He was questioned by Constable Douglas Atene who learned that the friend, Stanley Robertson, had taught the farmer parked in a truck with Miss Robertson, and had fired at him as he ran off into the night.

About an off-road that evening Sergeant Robert Schrader and Atene drove out to Robertson's farmhouse several miles northwest of Meadowell. While Schrader looked around outside Atene knocked on the door. "In your bedroom home?" he asked Miss Robertson. "Yes," she said, too frightened to say he was in the bedroom leaving his wife, a high-powered 33-06.

Atene went back to the patrol car, got continued on page 65



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RCMP continued

"I'd like to talk to you, Mr. Robertson."

"Yes, I'll talk to you all right! Rah-  
monah cool and shot him twice. Rah-  
monah then stepped out the front door  
stood over Aaron's body and yelled at  
Schrader. "Why don't you come and  
help your buddy?"

Schrader's gun was in the patrol car. With Robertson firing at him, he ran for the area surrounding the house and ended up next to the back. Robertson stepped inside, peeked out, then stepped out the back door. With Schrader calling to him, trying to calm him down, Robertson finally caught a glimpse of the yellow stripe on Schrader's breeches and shot him in the thigh.

Schneider called for help. Robertson walked toward him. "That is all the help I'll give you," he said, shot him again and left him to bleed to death.

As far as I'm concerned both deaths were largely due to low morale. Schroder had 22 years' experience. Among 11 Fox experienced men all the warning bells were ringing. They knew that this was a family dispute on a most important volatile situation. But Anton ignored Mr. Rabinovich's nervousness and Sylvester wasn't wearing substance, a fatal omission of this case. At their best, both men would have been on guard. They would have covered each other. But the OC, the subdivisions and the NCD of the detachment had a drive on for statistics at this time. On that same night I was talking to an NCD from that detachment who told me morale was "as low as the Bard of HelD's boom."

When Mrs. Robertson phoned the detachment shortly after the murders the O.C. was out on his inspection trip. When he returned he ordered that nothing be touched at the scene until he arrived. So, instead of starting the investigation as usual, the men had to stand around growling at

ary for several hours.

Rosenthal went up all over the perimeter and a 15-year-old boy who refused to stop his car was chased, threatened and killed (that no arrest was feared of Rosenthal was one of the dozens of notes brought in from neighboring subdivisions to conduct the mob hunt). We were mustered at the meeting point in streets all over the morning and divided into patrols, each led by a sniper. NCO. Then on the OC's orders we stood around until he arrived—four hours later. He made a few perfunctory remarks ("Do not be concerned that this man will shoot. He would be silly to shoot because it would get away his position") and then allowed us to get on with the job.

According to newspapers, this man has won "the largest in western Canada in modern times." It involved more than 100 men, six police dogs, a helicopter, two fixed-wing aircraft, and two armed personnel carriers. Backed by a \$5,000 reward for information, it continued for 15 days. Yet Stanley Robertson wasn't found until the following spring when an RCMP police dog discovered his dead body. He had evidently committed suicide shortly after the search began.

There were experienced investigators on this command but all those I talked to were disgusted by the rape and sexual assault interference of an officer who seemed to want to be in on every phase of a case covered daily by reporters for press, radio and TV. In contrast, the 1987 team for the killing of one people at Sheffield Lake, Sanduskey, arrived as they are seen in the top right corner. They charged in like a bullfight, looking for trouble. On arrival, a patrol found a man bleeding on the farward floor. The difference was that the officer in charge kept morale high. At the end-of-the-day meetings he invited questions from all members; even the most passive. He kept all members informed of progress and end of the search area. If on the Robertson hunt we had been kept in the dark, it would have been a disaster. We might have made no sense seeing and found the body which was only a few hundred yards from where we quit.

Most officers, segregated and isolated as they are, must turn to their comrades. Self-protection becomes second nature, inhibiting leadership and decision. I knew, for example, a young recruit who belonged to the Salvation Army. One Sunday he wore a Salvation Army uniform to a religious rally. I had to wait to change to his RCMP uniform for church afterward, as he asked permission from the Chief Superintendent to go in charge of the Training Division to go to church in Salvation Army uniform. The Chief Superintendent was unable to make this simple decision himself. He

CHEZ US

The second ewestars begin to appear on the scene. Snow or no snow at all, farmers put it: "These lambs are a sure sign of spring," Ash Endhouse reports, one lamb while Will Fungie reports eight, all doing well. Ralph Macken's lambs will be coming later.

ACCORDING TO THE First HomeBuyers' Survey

MRS. FRANK HICKORY of 70 Brookside Lane has informed *The Journal* that her daughter is not the woman involved in a recent story telling of how a couple were separated in court. The story told how a young couple, who tried to elope, a bank of \$300 for their forthcoming wedding, were surprised when the man was sent to jail for 30 days. The woman's name in the story was Heather Hickory, but Mrs. Frank Hickory said this is neither daughter, who is a champion swimmer.

THE POLYMER JOURNAL

no trial, the Fisher have no right to the copyright. *Postdoctoral*, 2001.

we should shoot both too. If you discriminate against the crow in favor of the hawk, eventually the crow's going to squawk!" said M. G. Smith, President of Vietnam Veterans and Non-Vietnam Veterans Society.

ON PAGE 12 OF THE ANNUAL *Wright* Book, Cook Book published March 25, recipes for Orange Filling and Seven Minute Frost go with the Orange Sponge Cake in the second column. The pineapple filling inadvertently placed at the end of the Orange Sponge Cake recipe belongs with the Pineapple Cream Cake recipe in column six.

MAR 25th 1904

SEMINARS: THE PUBLIC didn't lead by them City Hall Wednesday night to attend the first "open" meeting of gayle demonstrators. In fact only one person wandered in to represent the public and that was to be expected. Mrs. Dorothy Gieger, president of the Women's Division of Kingston and District, was the sole observer. It was Mrs. Gieger and standing at the microphone who wanted so hard to convince the demonstrators to open its meetings to the public.

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Boatlifts are closed to public access, improving the offer of boat moorings. The Canadian Ice Line Management System is in its seventh month, allowing the use of 20 icebreakers to clear the St. Lawrence and Saguenay Fjords. The St. Lawrence and Saguenay Fjords are now open to public access. The St. Lawrence and Saguenay Fjords are now open to public access. The St. Lawrence and Saguenay Fjords are now open to public access.



had to offer it to Ottawa to the Commissioner who granted it. This incident is actually told differently from then on with his resignation. I remember discussing that with the training NCO who called him an oddball, citing the fact that there was a man who was entitled to wear an RCMP uniform yet chose to wear a Sikhian Army uniform to church.

There are officers in the force who are extremely stern and maintain morale. I had two in 34 years and I would have followed these men to hell and back. But most officers will allow you to break the rules to get the job done then let you take the ray of a living's complaint. Instead they'll likely be the ones to create on your punishment.

An officer may take little reprimand but he has enormous authority. When I was on tour with the Musical Ride in 1950 it was our custom before a performance to exercise our horses. One night I was poking my horse up — making it rear up on its hind legs by the grip of my thighs and a little light rein pressure — when I saw the OC riding back from his place at the head of the unit. I thought he was coming to check me out for hitting the horse's mouth (which I wasn't) but he stepped in front of a constable three or four horses down. Figuring it must be mistaken I

went on riding and running. Again the OC came riding back. Again he spoke to the same man. And after the ride that night the constable he had been speaking to said: "You've got me in trouble. The OC thought it was me picking up my horse."

"Well, if you're in trouble," I said, "I'll take the blame."

Next morning, again said sergeant said to the man: "The officer in charge says you picking up your horse. He warned you. You kept on. You're grounded (placed in the rack)."

"Stuff, that wasn't me," the constable said. "That was Constable Ramsey."

"The OC saw you," the staff sergeant said. "Am I going to take your word over his?" And when I tried to explain he told me: "Forget it. That man has been seeing too much lately anyway."

If an officer at a fair share is no recourse, he has absolute power. Each year all the officers from the subdivisions come for a few days to divisional headquarters to decide which of their own will be transferred where. Since each posting calls for a certain rank, a constable moves in strict precedence. And because seniority puts the most weight, senior officers out-argue their juniors. After a superintendent in Saskatchewan because the second-ranking officer in the province, he promoted so

many of his favorites they were known as "special cases." And when a senior sergeant who expected to make staff sergeant promoted, the Commanding Officer advised him that he would be on the next list because "all the special cases are now looked after."

If an officer likes you, you've got it made. If he doesn't, you're in trouble.

he has any number of ways of getting rid of you. I well remember a constable in a subdivision near mine who had won big money playing poker with other members. Some wouldn't pay up, so he told one debtor, who happened to be the OC, when he thought of evidence. The NCO complained to the OC about the constable's work and — without any questions, without any checking with his own hearing the constable's story — the OC had him transferred to a larger detachment run by a sergeant who was a rough disciplinarian. Here the constable afraid of what could happen, worked so hard that his record was one of the best in the detachment. Nevertheless he was charged with several minor complaints shortly afterward and let go.

Such tyranny evokes little complaint and hate. It's an RCMP tradition that NCOs show respect for their officers by moving them to an annual Christmas levy, but significantly it's termed a "p-

continued on page 66

**Smirnoff introduces the Summer Martini.**

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9:30**



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10:30 PM**



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**THURSDAYS 10 PM**

made," for which attendance is mandatory. Otherwise only the bootleekers among the NCOs would show up. I kept thinking you can't do that effort so much that under the influence of liquor they're threatened to abstain them."

All the way up and down the line, members hear their superior. I was lucky. I had good NCOs for five years. It was probably the best of a two-men detachment in Moose Lake.

In a two-men detachment the constable does most of the police work and the senior man spends most of his time in the office. It can be a rewarding relationship, but my NCO had a drinking problem. He not only drank police work, I did all the office work possible, and in our busiest month, July, worked alone while he took 10 days' leave. I worked 16- and 20-hour days for three months without a day off. I'd be sitting at my typewriter and he'd send me out in his car to buy a bottle of whiskey, then come in talking about the bottle. Sober, he was a fine policeman. Drunk, he was unbearable. He'd cross-examine me like a criminal when I came in on time. One once asked me physically if I was drunk. I learned that he had assigned two other men who served under him, backing the shoulder of one, confining the other to bed for three days. Neither reported it. Nor did I. I must resist our officers. For eight months he made my life hell and under him I learned how.

Until that evening I'd never said before, no matter how necessary, without feeling somehow affronted. I would always remember the first time I had to go to work wearing a two-button police work shirt. I knuckled him out, but the next morning he lay on the floor. I felt deep remorse. I carried him out to his car, took him home and didn't charge him. He died, but although I had many fights after that, I had never been in an incident where I never lost that contrite feeling—until that evening.

The town was tough. I was often on duty that now I could still feel the difference. I wasn't just doing my job, I was punishing the people. I had some rights. I'd go out and be a holy terror. I'd be short with the kid doing power turns at the street, with the young fellow musing his voice in the café. When a drunk refused to get in the police car I'd push him and they knew I was taking out my anger and frustration on the public and this is all too typical of the force.

The system breeds injustice and makes you overlook it. Every member knows that if he complains he'll be labelled a troublemaker. The NCO will say he has for violating policy. Police officers and other forces have their associations or unions. The Mounted Policemen has no one. He's alone. It might have made an anonymous complaint against my NCO, except that this is an offence. You

allowed to make a signed complaint because the force can deal with you then, but the anonymous complaint is as feared by the force that to make one could cost you a year in prison.

Looking back I can't blame the NCO. He was, I was a victim of the system. I'm sure our divisional officers were aware of his drinking problem because a fight he had with a neighbouring detachment NCO was reported to them. Yet those officers did nothing. And he couldn't ask them for help because it's an offence to drink unmoderately "at any time."

The force doesn't admit that it has a problem with alcoholism, according to the image, every Mounted Policeman is perfect. Consequently it has no policy or program for dealing with it. When a detoxifying Commanding Officer took over P Division (Saskatchewan) his consistent attitude toward drinking forced out a number of officers who were alcoholics. Before the force accepts a



LOON LAKE

man to investigate him thoroughly, but once a problem develops, usually at a drunk roadblock of his work, the force will discuss him with routine indifference.

I know a corporal whose efficiency was so impaired by drinking that complaints about his work were made to his subdivision OC. The OC must have known about his problem, certainly the staff sergeant did. Yet their answer was to promote him to sergeant and get him out of the way by shipping him up north to Uranium City. Periodically, in this isolated post, he drank more heavily than ever. He was once charged and demoted, and then so drunk he even made pressure to drink.

The better the force recalls the more stress on the truth exists is that for you, the Bill of Rights doesn't exist, that you're virtually uneducated to see you often despise. You then have two choices: you can quit and forfeit your pension, or that your mind and your mouth (it's dangerous even to talk your problems out). CSO 1149 reduces mem-

bers to inform on each other. They know knowledge of what's happening to you is always there underneath. You try to avoid in drink or overwork. You bully the kids, you mess. You take the young anger, fear and despair on yourself.

There was Johnny Thackit, 31, a sergeant in Regina who fell out of favor with the subdivision OC. After a long absence from field work he was transferred to Weyburn, Saskatchewan. He changed a very highway patrol, the soon had administrative problems—one of his men got a girl fitted pregnant, others were skipping home for lunch and submitting expense claims for it—and the OC began to pressure him by means. Johnny took his service revolver, drove out to a side road and shot himself.

There was Russell Brown, 32, a constable in charge of the detachment at Smeborough, about 30 miles north of Regina, who had been having marital problems, was getting ready to leave when he broke into his workhouse. Before he could put it out he would had been caught. The Commanding Officer of the division was a mountainous close-fisted. Brown went into the Smeborough hall where he was and shot himself.

When I was taking a course at Ottawa in 1973 I conducted a two-part guided discussion on "The causes of police suicide in the force and the effects." During the discussion on the effects, a member asked an assistant in Alberta where a young constable who shot himself on the operating table was and causing his staff sergeant believe he died.

The only figures on suicide in the RCMP I have seen are for the Mount period ending September 1984. Of 123 members who died in service, 16 were suicides—by percentage, a thousand times the national average. Two were drinking heavily, five were depressed, one was schizophrenic. Six of the 16 were undergoing investigation or disciplinary action.

RCMP rules are more appropriate to a penal colony than a police force. They're a throwback to a military age when men were periodical self-control. At now they were only more thorough to enable the force to control its men. And the more incompetent its officers, the more they dump down to keep control. The system, like all such systems, is self-perpetuating.

The force creates fear and guilt in a man, builds miserable pessimism, then upsets the resulting problem until it blows up and threatens the image.

The image is the reason that members wear scarves, breeches and spurs

every day in the Mounted. It lives as front of me a Canadian Press clipping dated March 14, 1972. In it an Alberta judge, J. H. McKenna, is quoted as stating that such footgear has no place on the feet of police in an urban area. His comment came after a trial in which a Mounted Policeman from Red Deer said he was harassed by his uniform when chasing two fleeing youths. A reporter then contacted his subdivision OC, Superintendent Robert Mills, who said he would refer the criticism to headquarters. But the Commissioner's office has long ago been inundated with memos complaining of the unsuitability of the urban life. In fact, it was decided in a working session in 1953 but was rescinded in a memo of August 12, 1970, because, according to the memo "it is important that we restore rather than further erode our image." In this sense "the image" is mentioned three times, and many other internal memos refer to it.

But the image is slowly tarnishing. Recently, in northern Saskatchewan, 16 Indians overtook one of the boys, surrounded the RCMP patrol that was checking for liquor violations and told them to get off the reserve or they'd kill them. And Saskatchewan courts are now jammed with Indian intoxication cases. I think many people in the West—where the force is the provincial police and they see it on a day-to-day basis—are beginning to doubt the truth of the image. One magistrate, a friend of mine, has told me he now looks with suspicion on the memory of some Mounted Policemen and I know that he is not alone in this view. Nothing erodes the respect of the public for a police force more than contact with policemen who have lost their self-respect.

And the less the public respects the force the more the force pretends the image. After her husband was killed by Stanley Robertson, Constable Anne's widow informed the subdivision OC that she wanted him buried in Nunavut, her hometown. But the OC persuaded her to let Anne be buried in the RCMP cemetery in Regina with full military honors, including an archbishop, an honor guard (firing, an especially inappropriate volley of rifle shots), loudspeakers carrying the chapel ceremony to the cemetery crowd on the drill hall, and full coverage by press, radio and television.

Mrs. Anne was still at home in mourning when two GIS (General Investigation Section) members arrived. The first comes to see the Anne's home for RCMP property. Before his death Anne had received a memo from her subdivision OC telling her to shape up or be shipped out. After the GIS men left all derogatory memos were missing and Mrs. Anne was asked to conduct

herself as the widow of a hero. It was also suggested she not take work for a few months. One can see why if some reporter discovered her, say, singing in a choir, it wouldn't reflect well on the force's image.

Later the families of Constable Anne and Sergeant Schröder were brought to the chapel in Regina for the wedding of a commemorative plaque. A eulogy was delivered by the Commanding Officer of P Division, which takes in all of Saskatchewan. He referred to the beginning and end to "Constable Anne" and to all men in between in "Constable Anderson."

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# COME TO THE CABARETS

BY MARIKA ROBERT

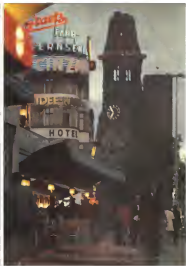
After dark in Berlin, the time is always five minutes to Apocalypse

So the Wall is there, and though Berlin today is more of a paradise than a power-house, I still find it the number one metropolis in Germany. Much may have become the grimy magnet, and certainly will be during the forthcoming Olympic Games (August 26 to September 10). Gay and bustling, full of an old culture it's a big city and easy to like. But to see the big city — Potsdamer — so illuminated, dominated, Agitated, the Queen of the debauched, you must go to Berlin.

At first impression it's hard to believe that West Berlin is only half of a city. It feels vast — a glittering well-planned spacious metropolis, surrounded by absolute lake-land, forests, rivers, beaches and bays. Many of the 3.1 million West Berliners have never set eyes on the Wall behind which the 1,000,000 East Berliners are herded under rather different conditions.

If not successfully, at least in urban pleasures West Berlin is self-sufficient. The Kurfürstendamm is nine miles long, 170 feet wide and more than two miles long, is called the longest coffee house in Europe. Here the Berliners like to promenade in front of the opulent store windows and as far from any traffic lanes as the sidewalk cafes, which are glammed in and comfortably heated when the weather turns cold. The star café is Kravitz, though the young and edgy prefer Zazz, but all the others have their steady clientele too, and you can see them there digging into creamy cakes, devouring succulent of cowpops, feasting with sausage, watching the gleaming Mercedes roll along the wide road and watching nightily that over-blossoming burst of light that makes West Berlin the most romantic city in Europe.

In 20 theatres, political cabarets, no more recent balls (not to mention the greatest party) and in some 1,500 hotels I know no closer here the mood is set for enjoying an Assembly and. "After dark in Berlin, the time is always five minutes to Apocalypse." A loaded café deep in Communist territory, not knowing what tomorrow night brings, there is an air of uneasily about this



sparkling island of pleasure, where gaiety and perseverance — a unique resistance for the visitor.

Thanks to the "Colossal Works of Hitler" — 1.5 billion cubic feet of rubble — Berlin had to be rebuilt piecemeal from scratch. Neither West nor East followed the original Marginal West around a tribute to modern architecture, East largely imitated Moscow's grey power. Not much a left of present Berlin — and that seems to disappoint more visitors who wonder around with outdated bunkers. Personally I don't find it hard to accept that Goring's Air Ministry looks like a desolate wasteland. But so glorious army could now march through the Brandenburg Gate or that the wide 17 Jan. Square where the Nazi troops paraded has been usurped by a parade of 3,000 ladies of the night, engorging with poultry from sleek automobiles.

On the Kurfürstendamm the stamp-like run of the Kaiser Wilhelm Memo-

rial Church remains as a grim reminder of the war, though considerably coloured by long-haired modernism at its base. The adjoining hospital new church is so beautiful that I searched for a few lines minutes every day to step in and listen to organ music in the blue light, my eyes on the stark modern Christ figure suspended in the air. Fascinating statues, churches, problems in Berlin and to do before absolute safety.

Most of the treasures of the many museums survived the war. In the Egyptian Museum stands the 3,000-year-old head of Queen Nefertiti. With its delicate features so intricately made up, it's even more beguiling than any would expect. There is a chess collection in the Greek Museum, Finnish caskets abound in Dehler's and there are other things to see, but the most outstanding museum, I thought, the Pergamon — but behind the Wall.

You must visit East Berlin, and don't consult on page 72

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BY HEATHER ROBERTSON



Peter Onorati

## Geel! Kids' shows aren't really for kids at all

Once upon a time there was a gentle, malleable man called Ernie who liked to play make-believe and dress up in funny clothes. He wasn't considered odd because he was on TV, and on this day's TV nothing is too far out.

CBC's *Mr. Dressup* is probably the best show for small children on TV. It certainly is weird. No cartoon can match Ernie Coombs in horn-rimmed glasses peering down at a floor length suit, frilly blond wig, gaudy necktie and high heels made out of children's wooden blocks, impersonating his own brilliant version of Grumpy and the Two Bears. I was entranced by *Mr. Dressup* says, it's stories, drawn pictures, strange games and plays "left over" all by himself with the help of only a couple of puppets and the occasional guest.

I like *Mr. Dressup* because he's quiet, honest, unexcited. He treats children with respect. He doesn't abuse them or boss them around like they do on *Sesame Street*. He doesn't guarantee them sad, unlike most children's TV shows, he doesn't try to con them. He's not trying to sell them Cray Cray or Fruit Loops. Just sit. He's not trying to educate them. With all its charm and wit and serious character, *Sesame Street* is still running home the alphabet.

Women have more difficulty broadcasting for children than do men. Perhaps our system really is backward and it's the men who should be the mummies. Remember *Rosper Rowse* and all those shrill, bright-eyed Mary Poppins who used to pick and go and play with girls in a twee flock of magi children? *Clara Winifred* used to be the last of the silly muses, forcing the children into submission through their overpowering motherism. Maybe the children really like it, as a small child I was a loyal and devoted fan of CBC-radio's *Jeepers Just Mary*.

A lot of children's shows are really made for adults, just as adult shows are really made for kids. The *Real Rosie Road Runner Show* has a fanatic following of adults, it's a Sunday afternoon male cult. It comes on in prime time, just after the sports shows, I know men who will come home from the pub in time to watch a *Paper* or *Far too sophisticated* for children, it's all about sex. My favorite is *Kayce Kismet*, an anti-American spoof of Superman.

Most kids wouldn't cross the street to watch these shows. They're too busy watching *Gay Smeat*, *Revelation* or *Men From UNCLE*. I know a 10-year-old who breaks out every day on *Jeepers Just Mary*. Spontaneous long ago discovered that kids like adult shows, look at any TV schedule from first to last to pick it's all a little racist. They're always and the kids, bubble them up.

Champion is, unfortunately, the rule of thumb for most Canadians when it comes to children's shows. Some, like CBC Vancouver's *Drop In*, for all the time with had nothing, got children and documented about milk. Teen-agers are always dropping down, they're the most popular. They're the show on TV in CBC Ottawa's *My Doodle Day*, an appealing half hour with a cast of grotesque puppets starring a hilarious old hag called Corcoran Doodle who, I think, is a satire on Charlotte Wharton. It builds up an audience by asking the children to get their mummies to write letters to the show.

Children, unfortunately, have terrible taste. They're like vacuum cleaners, they pick up anything, especially on a busy Sunday morning. You can tell the cartoon for adults because they're funny and beautifully made, the cartoon for kids are cheap and shoddy. Watching them, you realize what

an incredible impact Disney and Superman have had on our imagination. Deputy Dingo, Bulwerlike, Pink Panther, Funky Phantom — they're all Disney mutations. The only alternative is *Spiderman* or *Batman*. There are few drools of these droplets on the screen. The animation is sloppy and wooden, they're all talk and no action. Cartoons that are carried by dialogue always look bad because the lips are never synchronized with the words. The cheapest and most popular trick is to imitate real people — Jerry Lewis, Abbott and Costello even the Hadron Glenshawmen, it gives the trouble of having to invent a character. Oddly enough, the animated characters fidgeting around or baby-woman dolls in the commercials are always a lot better than the cartoons themselves, this has led me to the theory that the advertisers want the program to look bad so the commercials will look good.

Daytime TV has become a child-head museum. With a little poking around, you can observe all kinds of 1957 Superman series, a fabulous Zorro in color on the French channel. Daniel Boone is a mountain cap and lots of good old-fashioned good and ponderous music. TV has ignored the fact that a couple of generations of kids who were raised on children's shows have grown up. We still love them. Why should cartoons, puppets and fairy tales be limited to kids?

They shouldn't. And the show that proves it is CTV's marvelous *Sony Theatre*, a superb half hour of literary, dramatic, serious. *Sony Theatre* tells most of us with beauty and simplicity. The *Grimm* brothers don't miss words, it's all about the most, the greed, the adultery, the robbery — the whole squalid human mess. The *Grimm* are without a doubt, the champion storytellers of all time. *Sony Theatre* breaks through some of the rigid conventions which have separated children's and adult programming and focuses the straight-ahead Disney has had for 55 years. Disney saved the *Grimm*'s stories, not, but he looked them up. In *As You Wish*, Cinderella and Snow White he screen-embellished and falsified them. His characters are always cute and coy, the violence and brutality are edited out. You don't find a story about a rubber-hologram who cuts a young maiden off her chopping off her finger in Disney World. Maybe I'm bloodthirsty, but I'll take *Sony Theatre*.

Disney taught us to think cartoons are childish because they are childish, but cartoons don't have to be about mice and rabbits and woodpeckers and wicker birds. The popularity of *Real Rosie Road Runner* that mutated cartoon can go far beyond the child's concepts of power and violence to an understanding of strictly adult frustrations. The National Film Board has been making these cartoons for years, except we never see them. Puppets, too, have come to be used on children's TV because they are less serious and easier to control than live actors. But they are not necessarily kid stuff. *Sesame Street* provides that puppets can be used to tell a story and to teach and to tell people. I remember an *Archie* and *Shirley* puppet of them. *Trudis* on *Weekend Update* which stopped because puppet cannot try to look like anyone else — people have to look like them.

We are desperate for the wit and imagination found in good children's shows to rescue us from the old myth. It isn't a lot of hope! Look! Up! It's a bird! It's a bird! It's a plane! It's

Heather Robertson is a Winnipeg writer and broadcaster.



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BY JOHN HOFFESS

Chen? An English poet of Gilles Carlier? Les Mûles has finally arrived. Eighteen months ago the film was released in Quebec. It was a popular and critical success. A year ago in Canada, European rights were purchased for \$150,000. The delay in getting the film shown throughout the rest of Canada (he entered in the Montreal Film Festival or Canadian Film Awards) isn't due to a lack of interest in Quebec films in English Canada. For much the same reasons that Cinémaquébécois Canadians changed its name last year to Cinéma québécois — not intended to be French but warning a political bias — the current festivals of Quebec cinema consider it a "betrayal" to exhibit their films in English. One reason why *Mon Oncle Antoine* was shelved for a year after completion is that director Claude Jutra was reluctant to have the film open first in east Quebec. He didn't want the film entered in the Canadian Film Awards — where it was eight last place. When *Mon Oncle Antoine* proved a far greater success in Toronto, then Montreal, meaning for months was reaching positions at the Cinéma Théâtre, Jutra commented: "It succeeds in English Canada as a great embarrassment to me." Being a Quebecer isn't only for a ritual meal.

When Shirley Kurland opened *A Clockwork Orange*, he closed artists, New York and Los Angeles for a simultaneous premiere. The three North American screens where film is a window peaks. In Toronto alone, Kurland's 2001 *A Space Odyssey* earned more than \$1.35 million during its initial three-year run. Paramount chose the same three films to open The Godfather. Virtually everyone except the French Canadian film market in Toronto at an important market. If *Les Mûles* had a great first year in the Canadian Film Awards, it must likely would have earned a major prize. People would have heard about it. Such publicity and an earlier year in English Canada — being released at this late date and in an offshoot — won't mean that Kurland's request. If French-Canadian film exhibitors do everything possible to make their films fail in English Canada then failure will become a self-fulfilling prophecy.

Politics divides people: great art unites them. The political mind holds walls, in Berlin, in Quebec, wherever it can make the most reasonable difference. Where there is a wall — I mean, you are not, I am something, you are nothing — there is usually a light. One relation in a fragmented society is to reject, one to oppose and self-indulgent world of values, to make films that speak only to a minority and result everyone under the boundaries of their group. Another, harder and more destructive, reaction is to make films that make a new connection. With the world already a web of words we need artists who try to heal.

*Les Mûles* is not one of Canada's speech films (see it, it's good for you). It's a first-time comic comedy. It tells the story of two men who are world-weary and who head out for what's left of the world. They mean and fish. They grow capricious beyond and break off their unrequited affairs. Half-sadly gals appear, unpleasantly but happily, at their landing. The men are delighted but in the end the outcome should be no way to achieve a page of love a lot of bread and André Pollock. At the point the film is sunny. It dodges by inches into total optimism has flared the first part of the behavior, extremely, that return to a world of pleasure is possible. During the second half (which gets funnier as the film becomes more pessimistic)



ANDRÉ POLLOCK

## Why be possessive? Why not share?

*Les Mûles* will reward you. The last Joe Orton (reviewed at 34) wrote one novel, *Heat to Toy*, which hardly anyone reads and eight plays, the best known being *Fun for a Boy*. *Sex, Sex, Sex* and *Mr. Shaw* and *Mr. Shaw* were Orton's first full-length plays. The 1979 film that was made of it, with Romy Red, Harry Andrews and Peter McEnery, is a bizarre classic. It died at the box office. "The guy who wrote that sure had a weird mind," I said a few years ago to his girl friend, Sharon. The outside is going a year and a half after the Orton's work at the end of his life. No one saw *Sex, Sex, Sex* but he had been diagnosed with leukemia and then pulled into becoming a cancer patient to experiment his range. *Les Mûles* has been delayed by Canadian film director Silvio Mazzocco (George Goy and screenplay writer Ray Giffon and Alan Sargant) who they eventually hope is a more commercial form of entertainment. It's not good. The actors (Mike O'Shea, Les Remick, Richard Attenborough) are excellent, but, regrettably, the story has been removed from Orton's tale.

Deconstructer Paul Paul Paul, best known for his *Georgie* (According to St. Mark's, Toronto and Mabel) always gets the impression that he hasn't yet got the hang of making movies. *Deconstructer* is a pre-bell film. It is to be cranked but it's playful. It's barely but not badly. It's a negative but it's better on low-budget realism, word centers, angles, fogged lenses, old-fashioned films. *Deconstructer* is only half at what it should be but that half is a solid effort. *Deconstructer* is Paul's attack on the old canon but not previous productions of Western society. It would be more useful, however, to examine how debased and grotesque the ideas of D. H. Lawrence and others who fought the same fight for sexual freedom have become in our time through popular acceptance. *Deconstructer* is noteworthy by its own superiority to its title. The Orton. As an actor, Tom Yon (The Orton) looks like a dandy in touch of a romanticism. His novel, *The Orton*, revealed a more positive talent and became one of the best-selling books of last year. The film version, with a cast of unknowns, is a useful costume. The most diverting thriller since *Romeo's Baby*. ■

John Hoffess is a Canadian film director and critic.

he expresses a profound distrust of human nature. The style ends. The agency begins. The friends use their knowledge of each other to have one another. They become possessive and refuse to share. They become aggressive and hunt one another in the bush. What they hated in modern society and tried to escape wasn't something external, as they thought. It couldn't be left behind. They were doomed to walk in a circle.

*Les Mûles* is Gilles Carlier's third feature. It is preceded by *Age of a Secret Young Girl* and *Red*, and followed by *The True Nature of Tomorrow* which received good notices at the recent Canadian Film Festival. To make a comedy with provocative ideas — to make people think and laugh at the same time — is a very difficult task. One need only compare Woody Allen's *Play It Again, Sam* or *Les Mûles* to appreciate the difference between something whimsical that leaves one hungry, and a thoughtful comedy that satisfies. If you like a film that constantly surprises with original insights, that never becomes predictable, that offers good access to the recent Canadian Film Festival, then *Les Mûles* is a must. With more film such as these there wouldn't be any work to improve us.

**Recommended:** *Les Mûles*. The last Joe Orton (reviewed at 34) wrote one novel, *Heat to Toy*, which hardly anyone reads and eight plays, the best known being *Fun for a Boy*. *Sex, Sex, Sex* and *Mr. Shaw* and *Mr. Shaw* were Orton's first full-length plays. The 1979 film that was made of it, with Romy Red, Harry Andrews and Peter McEnery, is a bizarre classic. It died at the box office. "The guy who wrote that sure had a weird mind," I said a few years ago to his girl friend, Sharon. The outside is going a year and a half after the Orton's work at the end of his life. No one saw *Sex, Sex, Sex* but he had been diagnosed with leukemia and then pulled into becoming a cancer patient to experiment his range. *Les Mûles* has been delayed by Canadian film director Silvio Mazzocco (George Goy and screenplay writer Ray Giffon and Alan Sargant) who they eventually hope is a more commercial form of entertainment. It's not good. The actors (Mike O'Shea, Les Remick, Richard Attenborough) are excellent, but, regrettably, the story has been removed from Orton's tale.

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